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HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS
OF A WORLD TOUR



THE CHURCH ITINERANT.

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS OF A WORLD TOUR

By

THE RT. REV. AND THE RT. HON.
THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON
P.C., K.C.V.O., etc.



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PREFACE

I MUST say that I had not the slightest idea of writing a book about my long tour of 50,000 miles up and down the world, when I arrived back. It is such a common thing to go round the world now that no one thinks anything of it. I found an old gentleman of 90 on one of the ships on which I travelled who had gone eight times round the world already and was going round cheerfully for his ninth. "Grandfather's a bit restless," explained the granddaughter who accompanied him. I certainly thought he was.

But when I found nine publishers, so to speak, "on the doorstep" asking for a book, I fired off *Some World Problems*¹ during a five-days' Whitsuntide holiday, but this did not satisfy a most exigent crowd, namely the thirty-seven nephews and nieces and twenty-four great-nephews and nieces, to say nothing of a large number of adopted ones who keep my life pretty lively and who endeavour to prevent me relapsing too soon "into the sere and yellow leaf."

"Surely, Uncle Arthur," said one of the brightest ones, "you are going to write a *chatty book of travels*."

"I never thought of doing so," I meekly replied.

¹ Longmans, Green & Co.

PREFACE

“ Oh, but you *must* ; everybody expects it. It will be such a pity if you don't.”

That is the sort of way I get bullied into things.

“ But I have no time,” I protested.

“ Well ! there's always the holidays.”

So here, on the first day of the summer holidays, I have got to do it, I suppose, but if anyone thinks it is going to be a long disquisition upon the world in general, or that it is very undignified for a Bishop to write a “ Chatty Book of Travels,” I refer them to the previous volume, which shows that I did pay considerable attention to the Problems of the World as I went up and down it.

This book will be written in intervals of salmon fishing, dry-fly fishing, golf, tennis, and studying the huge box of new books which fill, in the new motor kindly given me by a too generous diocese, the space which is not occupied by fishing rods, golf-clubs and tennis racquets.

There is *some* advantage in being a bachelor, as you can carry your world on your back as you go from place to place.

PART I
INTRODUCTORY AND CANADA

CHAPTER I

THE OBJECT OF THE TOUR

LET me begin by answering the very natural question why I took this long tour at all. It was said by a Prime Minister, I think the late Lord Salisbury, that the Bishop of London (whoever he was) was the busiest man in England. I think that was probably before Cabinet Ministers were quite as busy as they are to-day, but anyhow the Bishop of London, even with four Suffragan Bishops, one each for West, North and East London, and one for the Continent, is bound to be, if he does his duty, a fairly busy person. There are 1,350 Clergy licensed "under seal" and about 150 with leave to officiate, over 600 parishes and 29 Rural Deaneries, and however much the Suffragan Bishops and Archdeacons and Rural Deans try to lift the burden (and splendidly they do it), the man at the centre has to bear the burden of the ultimate responsibility for everything, and, quite rightly too, is criticized for everything that is done.

How then could such a man get free to take a tour of over nine months up and down the world, and why should he do it?

I am rather amused at people who come up and say "I hope you enjoyed your holiday," and "I hope you feel better for your rest."

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“ You go round the world, my friend,” I reply, “ and preach, speak, and lecture 500 times, and then come home and talk about your ‘ holiday.’ ”

No ! even on the fourteen steamboats upon which I travelled I was always “ at it ” on this Missionary tour, and the sermons which I preached on board every Sunday morning, and sometimes evening as well, were generally followed during the week by a good deal of discussion on points of doctrine or difficulties connected with religion—this, I may say, in the intervals of deck-tennis, shuffle-board or other games.

Well, the original *causa causans* of the tour was a persistent invitation from the Episcopal Church of America to be the first holder of the new Turner Scholarship which was instituted for the purpose of giving “ a Christian appeal ” to the Universities of America.

At first I entirely turned down the suggestion. It seemed impossible to get away for so long, as “ the appeal ” had to be made in the autumn, and could not be made during the summer holidays, as of course the Universities were all “ down.” I suggested many others, Bishops and Canons, who could do it better. But for some reason the Bishops in America were very persistent ; they said they did not want a “ lecturer ” ; they had had many of them, but they wanted some one who might draw to listen to him those who never went to any ordinary lecture, and I suppose it was my experience at the Oxford House for nine years before I became a Bishop, and my constant visits to Oxford and Cambridge and to the Public

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Schools of England which had led them to expect that I might be of some use.

Anyhow, they waited two years until the completion of my twenty-five years as Bishop of London, which made some sort of break in my work at home for a time not unnatural, and went on asking ; so, like the importunate widow, they succeeded, and finding that my kind and efficient Suffragan Bishops and Archdeacons were only too ready to take on the extra work which my absence would entail on them, I consented at last to do my best, feeling very uncertain whether my " Christian appeal " would go home, or whether anyone would come to listen to it. Anyhow, I was comforted, as I have often been before, by the old Latin saying, *Curam non curationem posco* (I ask the care but not the curing), or, in other words, Christ asks our work but takes the responsibility for the success.

Then came in the second object. These visits to the American Universities would only have taken at the most three months, but then the idea suggested itself to my mind ; if I was going so far afield why not make more use of the journey, why not spend the holiday months before the autumn in British Columbia, to which as Chairman of the British Columbia and Yukon Association I had sent out £240,000, and see what was being done there, and why not after finishing the American Universities work, come back the other side of the world and visit those often lonely Bishops whom we consecrate in St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey, and send out, as I often think, " to sink or swim," and see if I could

not be of some use to them ? This idea came with special force to me, as having been the Chairman of the Corean Mission for twenty years, and having ordained as well as helped to consecrate the Bishop in Kobe, Japan, and the Bishop of Colombo in Ceylon, and as having had many long talks at Fulham with other Bishops over their difficulties, when they had been paying me one of their constant visits. So it came about that Canada and British Columbia filled up August and September, and that I arranged when I had finished off the American Universities at San Francisco to come back the other side of the world. This would have brought me back quite easily by the beginning of February.

But now came in pressure from another quarter. We were all very keen last year, and are very keen to-day, upon encouraging "Empire Settlement." The Church Assembly had just endorsed a scheme for encouraging this in a special way, though they were unable to give any money towards it, and had given their blessing to the Church of England Council of Empire Settlement¹ which was designed to use the wonderful machinery of the Church of England with its 14,000 parishes here and its (at any rate, skeleton) organization beyond the seas for this Imperial and patriotic work. Here were (and are) these vast dominions of ours with only nine millions in Canada, six and a half millions in Australia, and one and a half millions in New Zealand—really, if they only knew it, only wanting population to

¹ Secretary, Sir Geo. MacMunn; Office, 39 Victoria Street, Westminster.

THE OBJECT OF THE TOUR

make them ten times richer and greater than they are, and here in England at least two millions of the best material in the world, finding it quite impossible to earn a decent living. Could anything be more pathetic than the photographs in the illustrated papers of the crowds of unemployed who came from all over the country to get work at repairing Piccadilly? "Was the narrow neck of the bottle over there or over here?" Three millions a year was to be spent in Emigration; only £300,000 had been spent. What was the hindrance? I was urged from many quarters to add another three months to the tour and go to Australia and New Zealand and find out, and so on the principle that "you may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," or in other words that "the organization at home which would last for six months would last for nine," again with the willing consent of my trusted colleagues, I "faced the music" of being called an absentee Bishop, and started on my way.

CHAPTER II

THE START

NOTHING can have been more delightful than the "send-off" both from Euston and from Liverpool. The party consisted of my old friend, Mr. Ormond Blyth, who, besides bearing more than half the expenses of the expedition, undertook the whole arrangement of trains and steamboats ; my Chaplain, the Rev. H. C. Thomas, whose diary, kept on the journey, I have by me as I write ; and Mr. Blyth's chauffeur, Will Smith, whom he brought along to act as our general factotum and useful man.

I can still see the outstretched hands at Euston, and can hear the cheers which sent us off, and can feel the slight sinking of the spirit when one thought of all that might happen to the diocese and to those one loved at home during a long nine-months' absence. As a matter of fact, with the exception of the inevitable death of three or four Clergy, which always happens during a long absence from a large diocese like ours, the Suffragan Bishops were kept in wonderful health during my absence, and the veteran Bishop of Willesden won all hearts by his kindness, and their admiration by the efficiency of his administration.

It was a bad start to get a cinder in your eye at

THE START

the beginning of a world tour and to arrive apparently weeping at Liverpool. But an immediate visit to a chemist's shop and a clever operation by a young chemist, who must be used to these things, soon dried my tears, and a splendid "send-off" dinner given by my host, Mr. Horsfall, to which the Bishop of Liverpool came and many kind friends, quickly cheered us up.

Next day, after a match at golf with Liverpool, in which London came off victorious, we were seen off by the Bishop's family, a deputation of the C.E.T.S. of Liverpool to wish me Godspeed as the Chairman of the Central C.E.T.S., and two friends from Jacob's biscuit factory bringing two great boxes of biscuits, embarked upon the *Metagama* and started on our way.

Nothing very striking happened on our voyage. I had crossed the Atlantic twice before and knew pretty well what happens on an Atlantic liner.

But we had to go to Belfast first and then up the Firth of Clyde to Greenock to pick up passengers before we really started. Then I find an entry in the Chaplain's log :

August 1st, Sunday.

8 a.m., Celebration of Holy Communion in the Dining-room, Portable Altar (this was given by All Saints', Margaret Street) used for the first time—most efficient and reverent. Excellent morning service at 10.45 (in dining-room). Bishop preached from Psalm cxxxix. 2. Many officers and people present. Wind much stronger! Well out in the Atlantic.

Then a sadder note :

Sunday afternoon. A heavy swell developed. Ormond and I retired at tea time—Bishop kept going wonderfully!

Tuesday, Aug. 3rd. Little better—headache—Ormond still in bed—Bishop going strong.

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From which I conclude that I must have been the best sailor of the three, though easily beaten by Smith.

What I do remember on the voyage was the baptism of a Mennonite baby, the Confirmation of one of the officers, and the sight of the most wonderful icebergs which I have ever seen. The first caused quite an excitement in the ship. It may not be generally known that the Bishop of London is "Bishop of the High Seas" and that every baby born on the high seas, by long custom, is, if not belonging to any other denomination, registered in the Baptismal register of the Parish of Stepney, the actual Mother Church of the Port of London. Anyhow, when this baby was born on board ship, I resolved that it should be baptized into the Kingdom of God, and as there was no one else to do it, I baptized him myself. The purser rigged up, to hold the font, a table with a Union Jack over it in full view of the lower deck; the 150 Mennonites, who were going over to Western Canada, assembled on the lower deck; most of the other passengers came on to the upper deck. Lady Cecil, who with her daughter was also going round the world on Imperial work, and who honoured us by joining our Mess, held the baby, and, to the great delight of the parents, "Nicoli Patrick Metagama" was admitted into the Kingdom of God. None of the Mennonites understood a word of English, but when I took the child into my arms to baptize him there was a murmur of approbation from the assembled throng and something very like a cheer. Anyhow, they understood something of what was going on.

THE START

The Confirmation of the young officer took place immediately afterwards, and I need not enlarge upon the icebergs as seen in the sunlight, as every one knows that their appearance is one of the most striking and beautiful sights on the ocean, so long as you do not run into them in a fog, and then they are more striking than beautiful, witness the terrible fate of the *Titanic*, by which I nearly travelled over with Mr. Stead, for a great Conference at New York, when that gallant soul met his death.

The only contretemps on the voyage was the dense fog in the St. Lawrence which is a very common occurrence, and which delayed our arrival in Quebec by ten hours. However, the congregation which had assembled at 11 a.m. turned up again at 7 p.m. with great consideration, and I preached again in Quebec Cathedral from the text, "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." I remember so well taking that text twenty years ago on my last visit when Lord Grey, then Governor-General of Canada, audibly said "Amen" to nearly every sentence, from the Governor's pew. If there is "a city set on a hill" in all the world, it is Quebec.

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST THREE WEEKS IN CANADA

AFTER spending the Sunday night with that most hospitable man, the Dean of Quebec (now Bishop of Calgary), we went off with the Bishop (Williams), who had come 100 miles to receive us, to stay at his country house in Tadoussac on the Saguenay River, one of those delightful summer retreats in which they rejoice on the other side of the Atlantic. Nothing could exceed the beauty of that 100-mile motor ride through French Canada, or the welcome we received on our arrival.

French Canada is a great phenomenon both from a geographical and historical point of view. Here are a body of Frenchmen living with enthusiastic loyalty under the British flag—"Tell the King how 'appy we are," was the repeated cry of one of their teachers on my last visit, and it was the same this time. They did not like the idea of conscription during the war, but I think this was due to their intense family feeling and affection, and to their imperfect apprehension of what was really at stake. This accounts, no doubt, for their always sending a Liberal to Parliament, although themselves in many ways the most conservative people alive. Their devotion

THE FIRST THREE WEEKS IN CANADA

to Laurier, their great French Liberal statesman, also accounts for this.

But quite apart from their politics, the “habitants” of French Canada are a most hard-working and excellent people, all Roman Catholics, of course, and well looked after by their priests. They thoroughly appreciate the broad-minded way in which they are allowed by the Government to have their own schools, their own religion and their own traditions undisturbed.

The more you go into it, the more wonderful is the whole phenomenon of French Canada. Here were the French fighting us for years for the possession of Canada, and with very considerable success. The United States should feel great gratitude to the Mother Country for relieving them of what at one time was a real menace to their independence. The storming of Quebec by Wolfe, in A.D. 1789, is one of the events of history, and his saying that he would rather have written Gray’s “Elegy in a Country Churchyard” than be a great commander, is one of the famous sayings of the world. In a letter only published this autumn in *The Times* by Mr. Hallam Murray, he writes to his mother a few weeks before the battle that he had only a handful of soldiers, and that he did not mean to risk them unduly as they were all *good* ones, and that Montcalm, his great French rival, could not trust his men. With a handful of men Wolfe reached the great Heights of Abraham, and in the struggle next day he was victorious, and died in the hour of victory, as did Montcalm in the hour of defeat. Now—this is the world wonder—there stands *one* column with

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Wolfe's name on one side, and Montcalm's on the other, and here, as enthusiastic members of the British Empire as any others, is this great body of Frenchmen, singularly industrious, pious in their lives and domestic in their habits—flourishing and happy under the Union Jack.

However, I must not drift into a disquisition on French Canada, now governed on the lines laid down in Lord Durham's famous report, nor even dally long to describe the delightful few days of holiday at Tadousac before the real work of the tour began.

But never shall I forget the night out in the forest, arranged for us by Bishop Williams. We went in a motor launch for fifty miles up the Saguenay River and found that a camp had been pitched for us by the Bishop's son and son-in-law. Here, after a sing-song of negro ditties and old English ballads, we lay down to sleep upon piles of branches. Next morning, of course, we all pretended that "the other" had slept so well, though, as a matter of fact, the pitiless mosquitoes made sleep impossible except for a few specially tough hides. The picnic breakfast was great fun, though something went wrong with the tide, and the result of the morning's fishing was one small trout about a third of a pound in weight.

The joke of it was that the Bishop of Quebec had impressed upon the party that *I* was not to be disturbed. There were four other men members besides the two Bishops, the ladies having a separate tent and also mosquito-nets. I had retired first, so they all crept into the tent and lay down on their respective piles of branches, and declared that

THE FIRST THREE WEEKS IN CANADA

I was already sound asleep, if not snoring, and slept all night.

Now, my account is that I could not sleep a wink owing to the mosquitoes, but crept out and walked about the forest, and got a little sleep towards day-break. Anyhow, when every one woke up and got ready to bathe and breakfast, I said to the Bishop of Quebec, "Well! *You've* had a jolly good night anyhow!" And this was greeted with shouts of laughter. Their account was that *I* had had the good night, and they had all been good and quiet (however uncomfortable) for my sake. Fortunately, little jokes go a long way on holidays.

The little holiday was soon over, and the work of the tour began on our arrival back in Quebec, where the private car awaited us which was to be our home for so many weeks.

Sir Henry Thornton, Chairman of the National Railway, had put the "Ottawa" at our disposal—the same car used, as a rule, by the Prince of Wales when he visits Canada. Needless to say, it was luxury itself, a dining-room, sitting-room, four bedrooms and, best of all, a delicious shower-bath. This car was most kindly taken over by the C.P.R. on our return journey and was thus our home for seven weeks. Even then, we should have been allowed to have kept it for the United States, for when I timidly asked if we could have it for a bit longer, Sir Henry wired back, "Tell the Bishop to keep it as long as he likes, and take it back to England if he feels inclined."

However, as will appear, it turned out to be better to avail ourselves of the kind offer of the President of each railway in the United States,

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who sent his own private car, until we got to New York, when the New York Central private car was put at our disposal for the rest of the journey.

Well, we started off for the first of many night journeys from Quebec and reached Montreal after breakfast. We were fortunate in having two most efficient attendants on the car—Harry, an excellent cook; and “Jimmy,” who had been understudy once to Harry Lauder, and who therefore, besides being a most efficient waiter, could sing to amuse us in the evening.

Jimmy was a typical Scotsman who had settled in Canada, exceedingly painstaking and conscientious, and, as one of our party expressed it, a well and a mountain of *savoir faire*, able to procure anything from a hairpin to an elephant. He was a Roman Catholic and a fervent one, but sufficiently broadminded to attend all our services, although naturally he took no part in them. Also, it must be recorded, he had a very whimsical sense of humour, and finding out that one of the party (yea, even two, neither being myself) was in love and engaged to be married, he used to break out in a singularly pathetic voice into little love-songs, of an evening, about “the girl I left behind me,” all in a perfectly respectful way, as if he were singing to himself. He had the most good-humoured face in the world, and a jolly smile. I can well imagine what a success he must have been “on the boards.”

But I dare say he finds this a more settled, and probably a more lucrative job than the other, and certainly he was born for it. Mr. Bruce, the Prime Minister of Australia, told me later that he too

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had had the "Ottawa" for his journey, and had heard a great deal about our party from "Jimmy."

What dinners he produced when the train was going at sixty miles an hour! though credit must also be given to the much quieter, but equally nice fellow, Harry, who acted as cook. I was to find out later on also what a good nurse he was. He showed me how to use the "slumber pillow" which I found in the bedroom, which, when firmly planted down upon the ear which is not on the pillow, makes the sound of the train die away into the distance; and, having learnt first aid to the wounded, he was most useful after my crippling accident in British Columbia. Never shall I forget his kind attention, and it was a sad day when we had, after seven weeks, to say good-bye to these two cheerful men who had been our friends as well as our attendants for so long.

Every one was away at Montreal, it being holiday time, and as I had twice before visited Montreal, I contented myself with an excellent game of golf on the St. Bruno links, where Thomas and I carried a champion player, Mr. Hill, to the last green by making him play our best ball; and we then caught the train by exactly half a minute, and went on our way to Ottawa.

In a "chatty book of travels" you must put down frivolous things, and I shall always remember the rhyme told us by Mr. Hill on our way back, which has a moral for us all:

"Here lies the body of William Day,
Who died maintaining his right of way;
He was right—quite right—as he sped along,
But he is just as dead as if he was wrong."

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At Ottawa I was lucky enough to hit off the Centenary of the City, and of course took part in the celebrations. I felt rather awkward when the Mayor said in introducing me at the great open-air gathering : " It was so good of the Bishop to come all this way to keep our Centenary." I had to explain I had only heard of the Centenary on arrival.

Certainly it was a great celebration. I preached on the Sunday to a huge crowd in the Cathedral in the morning, and addressed an even greater crowd in the open air in the afternoon, preaching to some 20,000 people through a microphone. The General who commanded the 5,000 troops on that occasion had met me during the war in France, and picked me up in his motor. The next morning the French Archbishop and I made more speeches about our respective nations and our common love for Canada, and we all fell on one another's necks (so to speak) in a manner appropriate to so auspicious an occasion, and so finished a happy visit to Ottawa.

The great excitement in the Press on our arrival at Toronto was whether I should be allowed to marry my niece to her fiancé.

It amused the people of Ontario that I, who had taken part in most of the royal marriages for the last twenty-five years, should not be allowed to marry my own niece, to say nothing of a nephew who was also waiting to be married. But, by the law of Ontario, a marriage can only be conducted by a clergyman *resident in Ontario*, which I could not claim to be.

The Premier of Ontario and the Law Officers

THE FIRST THREE WEEKS IN CANADA

said they were very sorry, but *the law was the law*, and so on both occasions a Canadian resident priest had to repeat the words after me, and sign the book as the officiating clergyman to render the two marriages legal. This absurdity has since been rectified, and of course I made no fuss about it, as there was good reason for the law, unauthorized and unordained people having sometimes come across the border, and, for the fee, taken marriages. I believe the law stands now "resident in the British Empire." The Premier told me that he would get it altered, and apparently has done so.

But though so much interest was taken in this by the Press, it was of course by no means the most important part of my visit to Toronto.

The great meeting of 2,500 people in the large hall with the Premier in the Chair was my first opportunity for dealing with the question of "Empire Settlement," and although I was criticized by certain papers at home for what I said on that occasion, I do not repent in any way of the line I took. I said, and say still, that if we let North-West Canada get filled up *predominantly* by an alien population, we shall find it hard to keep it British in sympathy and interest. No one in the world can advocate a "dog-in-the-manger" policy. The land must be reclaimed and cultivated somehow, and those Southern Europeans are very hard workers and live on practically nothing; but we must not stand by and see that great area become entirely foreign, and with thirty-five languages spoken already in Edmonton there is quite a danger of this, unless we send out more of the old stock to help to keep Canada British.

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

Before preaching to two enormous congregations in two of the churches in Toronto, and visiting the beautiful children's hospital (which owes so much to the energy and enthusiasm of the Chairman, Mr. Williams, and his wife), I took a little recreation on the Lambton Links, and there I had the pleasure of being entertained by the Toronto "Walking Club." You might suppose from the name that you would meet a number of gentlemen in knickerbockers and carrying Alpine sticks, but the chief qualification for the Toronto Walking Club was—so far as I could make out—that you must have a Rolls-Royce car. All the same, they were a very jolly set of men, and they gave us a good lunch and a good tea, and finally conferred on me what they said was the greatest honour I could receive in Canada, "the Honorary Presidency of the Toronto Walking Club." When he was in England this summer, I was told by a member, Mr. G. B. Woods, from whose family I received the greatest possible kindness at Toronto, that they now always drink my health in my absence—"Our absent Honorary President." Mr. Woods, by the way, is a great sportsman, being President of the Canadian Cricket Club.

We left Toronto in a storm of rain which, however, did not prevent the Cathedral at Hamilton being packed to the doors at the service which had been arranged as I passed through, but it almost made us late for the illumination at Niagara, which was most kindly prolonged till we arrived. No one who has seen Niagara lighted up at night will ever forget it, or the experience of standing under the Falls next morning in a very necessary oil-skin

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outfit and hearing the great mass of water passing over the Falls.

That part of Canada is called the "garden of Canada," just as British Columbia is called by many "the garden of the world," and certainly it was delightful to pick up for a small sum the baskets of peaches standing ready for sale at the garages you passed, and to see the fertility of what is indeed a continuous garden.

I then separated from my friends to go and stay with a brother who has been in Ontario for forty years or more. One of a family of ten, he has had ten children and his eldest son has ten children, and it certainly was an experience, not shared by many, to be photographed with ten great-nephews and nieces.

I do not want to go again into the questions I discussed in *Some World Problems*¹ as to why farming does not seem to pay better in Ontario than it does, or why a condensed-milk factory which was a failure under Canadian management should become a great success under the United States. I think both questions want looking into, but, as my aim now is rather descriptive than argumentative, I would only say that but for the illness of my sister-in-law, who has subsequently died, I preserve a very happy picture of those two households, the one of the grandparents living at Aylmer with one widowed daughter looking after them with her only child, and the other eight miles off "down at the Farm"; with the boys driving in every morning to bring the milk from the surrounding farms as well as their own to the milk factory, and looking

¹ Published by Longmans, July, 1927.

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in to pass the time of day with their grandparents before they returned to their busy life on the farm. Certainly, if it only paid better, farming in Canada is a happy and healthy life.

It may be of interest to my readers to know more exactly what life on an Ontario farm is like. It must, in the first place, be remembered that Ontario a hundred years ago was an unbroken forest, and too much credit cannot be given to the pioneers who with incredible pluck and enterprise turned it into what it is to-day. The farm to which my brother was sent out by my father some fifty years ago was only a small farm of about 200 acres, though other land has been taken on since. It is in the more settled parts of Canada, on the shores of Lake Erie, and looks across towards Detroit, although you cannot see Detroit, for these lakes in Canada are great seas. My first visit was in 1907, when I crossed the Atlantic to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of the Church of America, carrying with me a Bible costing £100 from King Edward, for the American Church. I naturally came by Canada to see my brother and his family, whom I had not seen for a long time.

After having addressed great meetings in Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, I was expecting to have a quiet time on the little farm, with its comparatively small farm-house by the shores of Lake Erie, but I was not prepared for the excitement a visitor from the Old Country would stir in the district. My brother had arranged a reception one afternoon, expecting a few neighbours to turn up, but they came in buggies and every kind of vehicle, from fifty miles round (there were fewer

THE FIRST THREE WEEKS IN CANADA

motors in those days), and one man, looking round at the big queue of vehicles coming down the single road leading to the farm, remarked, "*Why ! It's like a funeral !*"—I suppose the only occasion when a great crowd comes together.

I had, of course, to address the assembled crowd, and as a preliminary, thanked them for the flowers one of them had sent me. "I have them," I said, pointing upwards to the little window of my bedroom, "up there in my bedroom." To my surprise, this was greeted with shouts of laughter, and on looking round, I saw one of my nieces with a baby in her arms at the window.

This will show the friendliness of the people round, and also, if I may venture to say so, the popularity of my brother, who, by his quiet and consistent Christian life, has won the respect of the whole neighbourhood. At that time everything seemed to go to "pigs," who ate up all the Indian corn, and I trembled to think what would have happened to the profits of the farm if, like the swine in the New Testament, they had all rushed down a steep place into the lake, which they might easily have done.

But I found this time that *cows* were all the game, and the sale of milk and the regular cheque coming in from the condensed-milk factory was what kept the farm going. I am bound to say the farm deserves to succeed. My brother, who, being well over 70, now lives eight miles off, at Aylmer, is only able to put a month or two's work into the farm, but his eldest son, with his two splendid boys, work from morning till night. One of the boys takes a motor-lorry round every morning and

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collects the milk from the neighbouring farms, and takes it in to Aylmer, and this also brings another "honest penny" into the family till. Still it is a hard struggle, and I think it wants looking into why farmers who work so hard are not able to get a greater profit than they do on what they produce, and I found the same thing in British Columbia, as I shall show in a later chapter.

I rejoined my companions, or rather, one of them, at London (London, Ont., as they call it, to distinguish it from old London). Twenty years ago I had arrived at London, Ont., to keep the Jubilee of their St. Paul's Cathedral, and now again I was there to spend a Sunday and preach again to a packed congregation. On the previous day we perpetrated the second marriage at Brantford in a similar way to the first, and made a nephew happy, as I had made a niece happy at Toronto.

On Sunday afternoon, after a jolly drive round London with the Bishop of Huron, we caught the afternoon train to Toronto, and rejoined the private car for the next great section of our journey to Winnipeg. It must be remembered that British Columbia was all the time the real objective of our journey, as I had never been there before.

CHAPTER IV

OVER THE ROCKIES TO VANCOUVER

I FIND in my Chaplain's log the following :—

Monday, Aug. 30th. Travelling all day through forests of Ontario. Hundreds of lakes and here and there Indian Encampments and splendid meals in car.

Tuesday, Aug. 31st. Celebration in Car at 8 a.m.

Present—Bp., self, Ormond, G. B. Woods, Price Green (in charge of us on behalf of the National Railway), Will Smith, and Harry, the cook.

Jimmy, the conductor, was also present, but did not join in the service, being an R.C.

Here let me say that these celebrations both on the trains and on the steamers were a very delightful feature of our journey and were a great spiritual help. On one occasion the train slowed down for the half-hour, but whether it did or not, we had just as private and just as reverent a service in the car as we could have had in church. I shall never forget one of the subsequent celebrations 5,000 feet up as we came back through the Rocky Mountains. On the steamers many travellers said, "We have been all over the world but we never had celebrations of the Holy Communion every Sunday, Thursday and Saint's Day," and I feel eternally grateful to the kind donors who gave me such a splendid and useful present for my journey up and down the world. I feel sure

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that it had a real effect upon its happiness and usefulness.

The best of a private car is that you can unhitch it from the train when you like, have a rest and go on twelve hours afterwards. This we settled to do at Winnipeg, keeping our real visit for the return journey. This was possible as the National Railway and the C.P.R. join at Winnipeg. We got out and as usual were taken in hand by the friendly laymen of the place, and had a delightful game of golf, which was a great treat after so many hours in the train.

Winnipeg itself, to quote from my friend Sir Henry Lunn's book *Round the World with a Dictaphone*, is

a wonderful example of the amazing energy of the Canadian people in creating a new city. It is now the third largest city in Canada, with a population last year of two hundred and eighty thousand. It has only been incorporated as a city fifty-two years, and in 1873, the year of its incorporation, the total population was only six hundred and twenty-four. Up to that time it had really been the Hudson Bay trading port of Fort Garry. Three years earlier its population was two hundred and fifteen. Then the Canadian Pacific Railway approached the territory and Winnipeg became what is well called "The Gateway to Canada's thousand-mile Farm." The railway itself did not actually reach Winnipeg for ten years.

The possibilities of Winnipeg are very great, as there is considerable mining wealth north and east, and as a great railway centre it would develop in any case. It has many advantages in water power, the power being the cheapest in America, three and a third cents (less than twopence) a unit for light, and one cent (a halfpenny) for power.

There are also leading out of Winnipeg twenty-seven main and branch railways. The Canadian Pacific Railway is the largest in the world, and has seven thousand employés. Winnipeg is also the Western centre of the Canadian National Railway, which has nineteen thousand miles of railway.

OVER THE ROCKIES TO VANCOUVER

In his presidential address at the annual convention of the Union of Canadian Municipalities Mr. Webb, Mayor of Winnipeg, contended that the process of filling up the Western Provinces with people of non-British stock was attaining proportions which constituted a menace to Canada, and should be corrected by a new immigration policy on the part of the Government.

If British people (he said) are coming into Canada they have not reached the West. I believe that right now the population of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta is less than 50 per cent British. In my opinion non-British immigrants arriving now number nine to one as compared with those of British stock. This year they are coming in thousands : they speak every language except English or French. Shall we be dominated by people from Central Europe who know nothing of our language, thoughts, or traditions ?

Mr. Webb attacked the policy of dumping immigrants in Winnipeg. He advocated that they should be concentrated by the Government on arrival in Canada on instruction farms fifty miles from any large town, so that they might learn something of Canadian methods and only be released when they had proved themselves capable of farm work.

The Archbishop (Matheson) also spoke strongly :

After a temporary suspension since the end of the Great War, the tide of immigration is beginning again to flow into the country. Within the past few weeks I have met scores of discerning travellers from the neighbouring Republic and also several prominent visitors from the Motherland, and their unanimous verdict, after spying out the land, is that there is a very great future before Western Canada. As far as the Church is concerned, we of to-day are the trustees of that future and it depends upon our action to-day as to whether that future is to be great or be a disappointment over lost opportunities. I am old enough and have seen enough of what has transpired within

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the last sixty years to realize painfully the results of early neglect on the part of the Church, the consequence of which is that it is non-existent in scores of districts where it should be. There are sections in my own Diocese where such is sadly the situation and where it is too late now to reclaim what should be our legitimate position in what are to-day prosperous communities. If you ask what in my view is the remedy against history thus repeating itself in the newer West, my advice would be to give to the leaders of the Church there the means of conserving centres which are at present weak and of being on the spot with the services of the Church at all new points. What, therefore, I would plead for in the meantime for the Church in the West is the provision of the means of conserving the newer and weaker points until they are old enough to stand upon their own feet. It may be a costly system but it will pay in the end. One clergyman told me the other day that he was the only Priest of the Church in an area of 13,000 square miles and that he was tied to a large town parish which demurred at his frequent absences in this unshepherded district. The World Call in the Motherland has devoted its fifth report to what it terms its Overseas obligations. In the forefront of these obligations stand the needs of the Church in the newer parts of the oldest overseas Dominion of the Empire. The Missionary Council is full of warm sympathy for us and, I believe, is prepared to help us, if we cannot help ourselves.

We cannot claim, however, that the result of immigration so far has been very encouraging. The record of the past year shows that out of an inflow of 143,991 immigrants 94,207 are from other countries and only 49,784 from the British Isles, only a little over one-third. Is this a safe proportion in the kinds of people whom we desire for the well-being of the future of our Dominion? In the light of the records should we not follow up our endeavours to influence those who direct our immigration policy? In the face of what we see taking place in the prairie provinces of the West, I entered very fully into the question at the meeting of our Provincial Synod last Autumn. Let me give you the considered views of a man whom I met the other day, the representative in Washington for Australia. He is a man of wide experience and of undoubted ability and foresight. This is what he said in an address to one of our Canadian Clubs and which I have his leave to quote verbatim from the manuscript which he lent me :

I have visited a large portion of the United States during the

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past nine months, and the result of the indiscriminate immigration to that country in the past forty or fifty years appals me. That country is faced with a tremendous problem in endeavouring to assimilate the many divergent races of Europe and elsewhere which they have admitted, and in turning them into useful and patriotic citizens. It is recognized by all Anthropologists who have closely studied the racial characteristics of different countries that the most virile races and those which have the best mental, moral and spiritual character, are those which inhabit Great Britain, Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland and the northern sections of Germany and France. It was from these parts of Europe that almost all the great warriors, explorers and settlers in new countries during the past 200 years have sprung. The United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa all were originally settled and opened up by these people of the Nordic race. But, during the last half-century the great bulk of the immigrants to the U.S. from Europe consisted of people from the Southern and Eastern sections of that Continent who are of a distinctly lower type, both physically, morally and intellectually, than the original Colonists who made these countries what they are. They lack in almost every way those characteristics which make good citizens in a democratic community, and they bring with them the inherited traditions of servile peoples which have never achieved real freedom by their own efforts. These people segregate in large towns and do not to any great extent alter their methods of living, while at the same time they breed freely in much greater ratio than the original colonists. They are not an asset to any country which aspires to a high standard of civilization and morality. Surely Canada can take a lesson from its neighbour and be content to receive only immigrants of the better type, even if its progress from a population point of view seems somewhat slow.

These strong words are worth heeding before it is too late to be guided by them.

What we suffer from most in this wide Dominion of ours is our lack of geographical appreciation. The country is so vast, and the distances so great, and the conditions in the different areas so diverse that there is a serious risk of the growth of sectionalism and disintegrating influences. This is true politically, economically and in many other ways. The problems of the Maritime Provinces, the Middle East, the Middle West, the farther Prairie West and the Pacific Coast have each not only a

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local colouring but a local insistence and essentiality. No single measuring-rod can be applied so as to suit the conditions of all. How to adjust them, to homologate them and produce harmony and prosperity is the puzzle. Our very bigness often balks our most loyal efforts. There is a local Press, a local sentiment, a local view-point to be taken into account. We have no co-ordinating Press to hold us together as in the British Isles, where the *London Times*, for example, can reach every point in the land before any day of its issue is over and thus have comprehensive influence over the whole. In the face of this variegated problem of co-ordination the responsibilities of the leaders, both of the Church and of the State, are supremely great. We need profound wisdom and the most comprehensive judgment and considerateness.

After Winnipeg we passed through what I see my Chaplain calls "miles and miles of grain!"—stopped for a few minutes at Saskatoon, and, after a halt at Edmonton, where another of my innumerable nephews came to meet me and show me some of his family, we sped on towards the Rockies.

We had heard a great deal about the glories of Jasper Park, but, as to so many at home, it was only a name to us. Nothing, however, can exceed the beauty and grandeur of this great National park, 5,700 feet up in the Rockies. It is as big as England, and the largest refuge for wild animals in the world—we saw bears feeding on the hotel refuse, and as we breakfasted the beavers were playing in the river, while animals of all sorts abound. But the most impressive thing about Jasper Park is the blueness of the sky and the greenness of the river and the whiteness of the snow mountains—these things form an unforgettable picture in the mind. The river Athabasca is especially wonderful; it forms in one place a still lake, while elsewhere, at the Maligne Canyon, it rushes through a fissure in the ground only



MOUNT EDITH CAVELL, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Taspen Peak in foreground.

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about two feet wide but I do not know how many hundreds of feet deep.

The hotel in which we stayed was exceedingly comfortable, each bedroom occupying a separate hut fitted with a bath and commanding a gorgeous view. There is also a fine golf links, constructed under great difficulties, on which I played a most enjoyable game.

It is very touching to find Nurse Cavell splendidly commemorated at that far part of the British Empire. Not only is a fine snow mountain looking down upon the Park called by her name, but a service is held on the anniversary of her death on the glacier at the foot, and thus by an even nobler monument than we have in Trafalgar Square, the memory of that great woman will be preserved for ever.

On leaving Jasper Park the railway descends through really gorgeous scenery, with wonderful views of the high snow mountains at every turn, and brings you by gradual stages down to its great terminus at Vancouver.

A pleasant recollection of that part of the journey was a little service we were able to render to two English girls, the last left of a batch of forty who had come out together with a "mother" who had dropped off at Edmonton. "May we take a snapshot of you?" very politely asked one of them on the platform of Jasper Park station; this led to my discovery of them in the next compartment. They were not a little homesick, poor things, as it was their first time out; one was going to meet a fiancé she had not seen for seven years, and the other going to look for one of those delightful jobs

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open to any English girls with a little pluck and enterprise, joining a family as what we should call in England a "lady help" but being admitted as a friend and comrade into it in a very short time in a way not found, apparently, always possible in our less democratic community at home.

Of course, we did our best to see them safely to Vancouver, where they were met by the excellent organization which looks after our women there, and taken to their hostel. I heard from the one that she eventually did meet her fiancé, after six months' waiting until he could get free to leave his job, and I have handed the other over to the care of the Bishop of British Columbia (Dr. Schofield), whom I have found on other occasions most kind to those entrusted to his care.

The Archbishop of New Westminster (Dr. du Pencier) was there to welcome us on arrival and immediately put before us the full but interesting programme which he had provided for our visit.

It began with a visit to New Westminster—a very tactful proceeding, as there is just a danger lest the older New Westminster should have its nose put out of joint by the newer, but more successful Vancouver, and there was a great agricultural show the very next day which gave point to a visit.

Never shall I forget the "farmers' luncheon" which came on at midday, the heartiness of the welcome for one from the Old Country, and the speech of some one who, I think, was the Minister of Agriculture for the Province. He kept the farmers in roars of laughter over his visit to London (this was for my benefit) and the little saucerful of strawberries and thimbleful of cream he was



FRASER RIVER CANYON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

brought at some reception. "When I got to the hotel I called out, 'Here, Bill, bring us a bucketful of strawberries and a *jug* of cream, that is what we would expect in British Columbia!'" It was rather a typical speech and its reception was typical too—all full of good humour and love of the Old Country, but just a gentle smile at the too civilized, finicky ways in a little old country, as opposed to the big generous expansiveness of a great new land.

It gave me special pleasure also to visit Mrs. Sillitoe, widow of the first bishop, who had lived in New Westminster for many years and whose house is a perfect museum of objects concerning British Columbia.

Among other gatherings provided for us to address on my so-called holiday were three congregations in three churches on the Sunday, and oh! the heat of the one in New Westminster! You might have cut the atmosphere with a knife. The congregation had been sitting there in appalling heat from four to seven, waiting for the service, and every open window was filled with those who had been unable to gain admittance and who thus made matters very much worse for those who had. Then we had a dinner-party given us by sixty clergy, and I well remember the speech of the man who proposed my health—"At last we see the man whose sermons we have *preached* for so many years," and the reception of his joke by shouts of guilty laughter round the table. This was an allusion to the Mission books ¹ of the Lenten Missions in London, which contain addresses given in

¹ *The Secrets of Strength, The Spirit of Jesus, The Sword of Goliath*, etc. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.).

different churches and the questions asked after them, with the answers.

These are apparently found useful in these scattered parishes of British Columbia (and, I found afterwards, in Australia and New Zealand), but I did not know till that evening that so many of the clergy preached them again as their own. The story told round the table was that the only man "found out" was a curate, who on being told by his Rector to preach one of the Bishop of London's sermons instead of his own, electrified the congregation by beginning his sermon without any preface—" *When I was Bishop of Stepney . . .*" and as they all knew that he had not left the parish, he made quite a sensation.

Another great gathering at Vancouver was that of 1,000 men at the Canadian luncheon. These Canadian luncheons are a great feature of Canadian life. The whole gathering is confined strictly to an hour, as those who come are all business men and have got to get back to their work. After a very light luncheon, the guests all congregate round the selected speaker, and you are expected to speak for about half an hour on any topic you select. Lord Grey, on my first visit twenty years ago, begged me always to accept the invitation, when possible, to Canadian luncheons, and I did so on several occasions. You meet the real *men* of the place. This time I spoke at many, twice in Toronto, where I was entertained first by the City itself at the Yacht Club and again by two Clubs which had a joint lunch, at one again in London, Ontario, and here in Vancouver, where no less than 1,000 men had paid their dollar for their

lunch. I took the subject of "*What constitutes a good Canadian?*" and laid emphasis on the fact that besides love of Canada, it must include love and reverence for the Old Country from which so many had come, cherishing the old traditions represented by the red, white and blue on the Flag, and holding on to the Christian religion which has really made the old country so great.

I pointed out that the *red* stood for sacrifice, all the more clearly since the great common sacrifice in the war, the *white* for the purity of home life on which all nations really depend, and the *blue* for the national honour and commercial integrity which has made British Commerce so widespread throughout the world.

Why has our commerce gone all over the world? "Because an Englishman's word is as good as his bond all the world over." I pointed out that in China the rich Chinese were sending their riches not to Moscow but to Hong Kong under the British Flag. To this sort of appeal I found a response in every part of the Empire, and not only from the men, for 2,000 women assembled in the same Hall at 3.30 the same day and rose immediately to the same ideas from a woman's point of view.

Mention should also be made of the efforts of the Church to deal with the Chinese and Japanese settlers in Vancouver. As is well known, foreign settlers are not encouraged in British Columbia, but those who are there cannot be neglected by the Christian Church, and I visited the schools both for the Chinese and Japanese and tried to encourage the teachers in their often difficult work.

CHAPTER V

VANCOUVER, VICTORIA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

THREE things which impressed me about Vancouver were its wonderful harbour, its rapid growth, and the magnificence of the site of its new University.

I shall never forget standing in the big window of the principal Club in Vancouver, and seeing the *Empress of Asia* come in under her own steam from Japan. She had taken nine and a half days only, but the striking thing was to see her swing round in the great harbour and come up to the Quay without all that pushing and shoving about with tugs which you see in small harbours. Quite certainly, with the opening of the Panama Canal, Vancouver and its harbour is going to become a more and more important place in the world, and the C.P.R., which own these great steamers, a more and more important corporation. This accounts, of course, for the rapid growth of the town.

We were put up in the Archbishop's house, which is on a fine bluff overlooking the harbour, but we were told that only a few years ago there were no houses at all on that bluff, and that the whole of that part of the town is a growth of a few years, whereas on the opposite side of the harbour

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on a perfectly unique site, overlooking the sea, is growing up a great University for that part of the world, which already has a fine library, and close to which are being built the Theological Colleges for our own Church, and also for what is now called the United Church of Canada, consisting of Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists, who have joined into one Church, except the "continuing" Presbyterians, who have refused to join.

Our Vancouver engagements included a delightful dinner given me by old Marlburians, a visit to the Sisters' Schools, and to one of the churches in which I had not been able to preach. After these, a night on a comfortable steamer took us across to Vancouver Island. Here a very old friend, Bishop Schofield, was waiting for us and drove us up to breakfast, and we began one of the most delightful visits of the tour.

Of course, the *great* event was the laying of the Foundation Stone of the new Cathedral which had been under contemplation for so many years. The whole Church Community had been divided for years as to where the site should be and this was settled by a visit from Mr. Caroe, the Architect to the Ecclesiastical Commission, who made a special journey out there a few years ago.

Certainly the site now selected is perfectly admirable, and at the Foundation-Stone laying, which took place on a blazing hot day, I tried to fire the people with the ideals of a great Cathedral standing up on this high hill to answer to Liverpool Cathedral, 6,000 miles away at the end of the long line of travel, and seeming to answer back across the 3,000 miles of land and 3,000 miles of sea—

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“ We, too, believe in God ; we, too, are followers of Christ ; we, too, believe in the Church of England.”

Four Canadian Bishops came to the service in red chimeres and four Bishops from the United States in black chimeres. I remember the colours because they made such a contrast as they stood there forming the background of the picture and facing the immense crowd which filled and surrounded the site.

I thought it very kind of the four Bishops from the United States to come and help us in this venture. Since the ceremony, Vancouver Island itself has raised £50,000 (not dollars), and I do hope the Church at home will back up that plucky island in finding the further £20,000 which they need ; I feel committed to it myself as I have learnt that one of the towers to commemorate my visit is to be called “ The Bishop Winnington Ingram Tower.”

My friend Ormond Blyth tells an amusing story in connection with this ceremony. On being introduced to one of the American Bishops (the Bishop of Oregon) he said, naturally enough, “ How do you do, my lord ? ”

“ I’m not a lord,” replied the Bishop, “ I’m an American citizen.”

“ No doubt,” said Blyth, “ but you are also a Prince of the Holy Catholic Church.”

“ Well, I’m much obliged to you,” answered the Bishop, to Blyth’s surprise. “ No one’s ever told me that before.”

Later on in the tour, at Chicago, adds Blyth, he met the Bishop again. The Bishop approached

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him with outstretched hand and greeted him in this fashion :

“ Delighted to see you again, kind friend. Shake hands with a Prince of the Holy Catholic Church.”

After the Foundation-Stone laying the Bishop set about with characteristic vigour to get the money for the building and I was “ turned on ” at three meetings in Victoria, Duncan (40 miles off) and Nanaimo (about 80 miles away) to push home the necessity of the Cathedral to the consciences of the Church people of the island. It was a very agreeable task because of the welcome I received and the response that was given. I think £50,000 is a wonderful response from a very sparsely populated island about the size of England without Wales, but, as I have said, they cannot build the Cathedral all by themselves. If those at home want to realize the relative character of the three places, Vancouver, Victoria and Nanaimo, I don't think it is unfair to say that the first is the Liverpool of the West, the second is its Bournemouth and the third in a small way its Newcastle, for the coal-mines outside form the staple of the trade from the port. Anyhow, I gave them all these various soubriquets and they seemed rather to like it.

From Nanaimo, we crossed again to Vancouver to avoid the long journey over the passes back to Victoria, and then began a very interesting part of the journey, an exploration of British Columbia itself. We started at Kamloops, where lives Bishop Adams, the new Bishop of Cariboo. It wants a lot of pluck to leave a safe and happy post in England to take on these “ treeless, herbless ” dioceses

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in the Far West. The very fact of its establishment and endowment is due to the energy of Dr. Perkins, Secretary of the British Columbia and Yukon Aid Fund, of which I have had the honour of being Chairman since its inception.

When I say the diocese is "treeless, herbless," I am of course quoting from Browning's "Saul," but it is a very fair description of it. I never saw a *drier* place in my life. It looked as if no rain had ever fallen since the Flood, and in consequence, of course, the population was very sparse and what there was very scattered, but Bishop Adams is setting about his task with dauntless energy.

After addressing the people of the place, and visiting a large sanatorium for consumptives, no doubt placed about six miles from Kamloops because of its dryness, we set off in motors to the border of the diocese accompanied by the Bishop and his charming family, until we reached the Kootenay diocese, where the Bishop of Kootenay, and his son who came over to Kamloops to meet us, took us in hand.

After several miles, the climate entirely changed, and we came upon rolling hills and green pastures and roads so muddy and sticky that the leading motor skidded into a telegraph post, and we who came behind had to spend an hour in digging it out of the ditch. It had been announced that we were to pass certain spots at certain times and it was really touching to see the joy with which farmers for miles round had come in to have a cup of tea with visitors from home.

We arrived at Vernon, where the Bishop of Kootenay (Doull) lives, and then followed the usual

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services, reception and visitation of all the schools. (I think I must have succeeded in getting about two hundred schools a half-holiday in my journey up and down the world.) On this occasion even the State School gave a half-holiday after my address to the children.

There was another old Marlburian dinner at Vernon, and I heard at it all about the prospects of fruit farming in the famous Okanagan Valley as nearly all the old Marlburians were engaged in carrying it on. I have spoken of it elsewhere at length, but I can only say that, so far as I can see, the effort of all those gallant young men is discounted by a lack of markets or of organization which would bring them the markets. There was a General there (he would probably prefer my not mentioning his name) who did good service in the War, working in overalls from morning to night and as far as I could make out, he could only make a bare living. And yet nothing could exceed the beauty and fertility of that valley.

After receiving the Communion with 100 Communicants on a wet weekday morning (which shows the good Church work done there), we motored in from Vernon to Kelowna, had luncheon, preached to a full Church, caught the boat, and went down the beautiful Okanagan Lake, arriving at Penticton.

Then followed another address in a large hall. We were off again first thing next morning, and travelled by one of the loveliest railways in the world all day (perhaps 300 miles) to Nelson. Sometimes the train was 4,000 feet up on the mountain, sometimes coasting along most beautiful lakes. The only distressing sight was the deserted

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towns which had once been prosperous where mines had been discovered, and had then been abandoned when the mines petered out.

It was at one of the wayside stations on that line that the parson explained how in the old days a family from London would disembark and look round helplessly. No preparation had been made for their arrival. There was no work for them to do, and a collection had to be made from the little handful of people who were there already. It was an illustration of how *not* to conduct Empire Settlement and bears out the necessity of all the care we are trying to take at the Offices of the Council of Empire Settlement¹ to see that people only go where there is prospect of work and that there is some one to receive them and welcome them when they get there.

Sunday, September 19, was a full day, the Celebration, as always, at 8 a.m., then a service in Archdeacon Graham's Church at 11 a.m., followed at 4, after a delightful walk in the sunshine, by a great meeting of all denominations in the Rink, at which 1,400 were present. I mention these things to show that religion out there is still the one unifying force as it is in the Old Country ; only more and more men and money must be sent out to help devoted men like the Bishop of Kootenay.

After an informal service I met Miss Hasell, who had just completed one of her plucky caravan tours through the wildest part of the diocese, to carry out that Sunday School work by post without which so many children would be without any

¹ 39 Victoria Street, Westminster.

instruction at all. She found on one trip on the Prairies 100 unbaptized children.

Monday, September 20, was spent in pleasant recreation in that really beautiful spot, golf on a very hilly course, and a visit up the valley to one of the well-known Hamilton family, the head of which was son of the late Archbishop of Ottawa, but it was on Tuesday, September 21, that an accident happened on the Arrow Lake which nearly wrecked the whole tour.

Like all such things, it happened in a moment ; a cauldron of scalding water from the ship's boiler was poured over my bare arm in the early morning, burnt through three skins and produced what the eighteen surgeons who eventually dressed it during the next month called the worst burn they had ever seen on a human arm. I shall never be grateful enough to those surgeons ; I am sure that it was by their skill that the huge wound, reaching from the wrist to the elbow, did not become septic, but though I tried to make light of it, I may now admit that I was not out of pain day or night for a month.

My fear was that it would interfere with my carefully mapped-out programme, but mercifully, by arranging for a surgeon at the end of each 400 miles (not one of whom, I may mention, would take a penny for his pains), I carried through the programme without missing an engagement.

By this time those who know the district will realize that we had made a great detour by motor, train and boat for some hundreds of miles through British Columbia and would get back at Revelstoke on to the C.P.R. which had most kindly admitted

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the National Railway's car on to their line for the return journey.

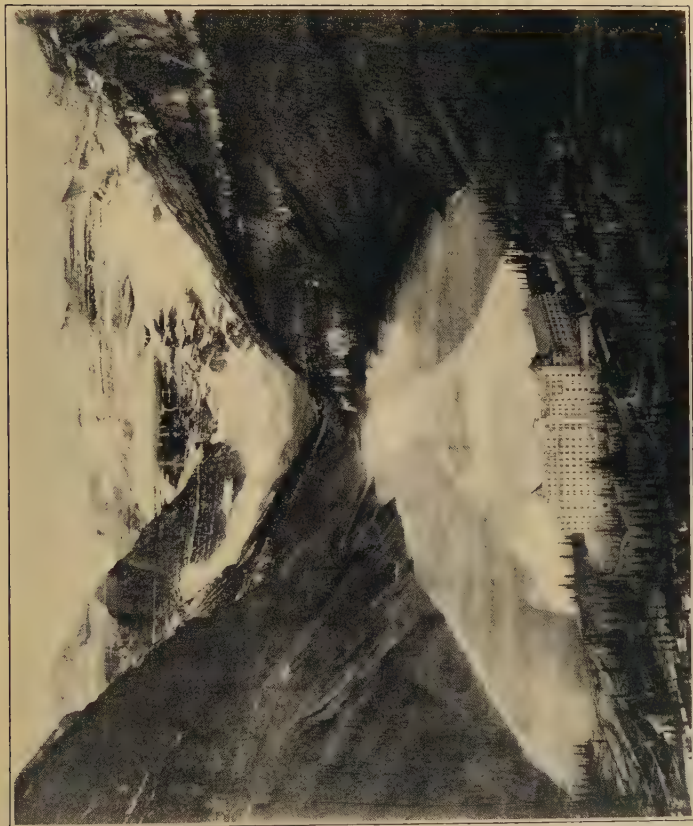
I must say that in the state of discomfort in which I was, I was glad to get back to the private car, which had been sent on to Revelstoke, with its comfortable bed and good cooking, and above all to the kind care of "Jimmy," who had learnt first aid and was useful as a nurse.

We then experienced a great change of weather and plunged into deep snow as we approached the summit of the Rockies. Never shall I forget celebrating on St. Matthew's Day (September 22) as we passed through the snow mountains and ice-covered crags 5,000 feet up in the train.

We had the pleasure of entertaining that morning to breakfast Lord Darling and his daughter, who were in another car on the train which had picked us up at Revelstoke and who accompanied us to Banff, where we arrived at 11 a.m.

The only disappointment was missing Lake Louise, which, owing to the very deep snow, it was thought wise not to attempt that day. Instead of this, on arrival at Banff, we went after luncheon to another lake, more accessible than Lake Louise, and passed a herd of wild buffaloes, which are a special feature of this National Park, as the bears were of Jasper Park.

Starting at 9.30 p.m. we travelled all night through the prairies, called at Moose Jaw where a little deputation came to meet us, and finally arrived at Regina at 8 p.m., where we were met by Mr. Stiles, who had just visited England with the object of encouraging emigration to Canada.



LAKE LOUISE, ROCKY MOUNTAINS,
FROM THE AIR.

VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Bishop of Qu'Appelle has really got the foundation of a vigorous Church life at Regina, and it was a great pleasure to me to attend his Diocesan Meeting in London for a short time this summer and describe to his supporters what wonderful work he is doing. He has an organizing mind, and when his plans are carried out he will have on the same site a Cathedral, a Bishop's house, a Girls' School, which is already there, a Hostel for the Maple Leaf, and I am not sure how many more institutions, all grouped together round the Cathedral. May he live long enough to bring all his plans to fruition !

There is a romantic side to his achievement too, since all the money for it has been provided by an English lady who guards very closely her anonymity. The only person in the world who knows her identity is the solicitor who acts as intermediary between her and the Bishop.

Of course, we had the usual great meeting in the City Hall, and fortunately the pain in my arm did not prevent my speaking at any of the meetings.

To save time we used to sleep in the train during the night, in order to set the day free for work, so with great regret we left the Bishop and his people after little more than a twenty-four hours' visit and pushed on to Winnipeg for our engagements there.

The moment we arrived at Winnipeg we started off in a car to lay the foundation-stone of All Saints' Church, and just succeeded in doing it before darkness fell, and then we went up to the house of the Archbishop of Rupertsland, Primate of all Canada (Dr. Matheson), where we received a most cordial welcome from him and his family.

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He is indeed the "Grand Old Man" of Canada and has the respect of the whole community, not only of his own denomination, and I was glad to end up my time in Canada with one whom I have known and respected so long.

Needless to say, a very full Sunday's work had been provided. I had been accustomed to large congregations everywhere, but a more stupendous congregation than I had in St. Matthew's Church, Winnipeg, I have never seen (except the Cathedral at New York, to which we shall come presently), nor did we ever have a greater meeting than in the Rink on the following Tuesday, when I spoke to 4,000 people on "The Church and the Child," which was the subject selected by the Church people themselves.

We had on the platform nearly all the Canadian Bishops, as our visit had been made to synchronize with the great annual Mission gathering for the whole of Canada which took place in Winnipeg that week.

We had now travelled, since we left Quebec, 6,187 miles in the private car, besides the tour, since we left the car, through British Columbia, and therefore with the 3,000 miles across the Atlantic, had completed more than the first 10,000 miles of the 50,000 which we subsequently covered.



PACIFIC

ATLANTIC

THE GREAT DIVIDE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER VI

SOME REFLECTIONS UPON THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

I AM aware that the last chapter has probably left the reader breathless at the great distance it has covered and the pace which had to be set, but in going a distance of twice round the world in nine months you can't waste time or you would never cover the ground. Let us then, with the great meeting at Winnipeg well over, and in the quiet of the car which is now speeding towards the States, reflect upon what we have seen since we passed Winnipeg a month ago, in other words, what are the most pressing problems connected with the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia?

Of course, the first thing which strikes you is the great difference between them—the first are “as flat as your hat,” and the other is one of the most beautiful mountain districts in the world; the first are very cold, and you have five months of winter; the other vies with New Zealand in being one of the most beautiful climates in the world.

But the difference is not only climatic, it applies also to the population. In Edmonton, in the midst of the Prairies, thirty-five languages are spoken; in British Columbia, with the exception of the com-

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paratively small bodies of Japanese and Chinese, of whom I have already spoken, you find yourself among a predominantly British population. Vancouver Island, with its capital Victoria, is more like England than any other place in the world, and is the quiet resting-place to which numbers go when they have "made their pile," and "rest from their labours." They say that good Americans go to Paris when they die; the hard-working Canadians would prefer Victoria. You can hardly conceive a greater contrast between the cosy warmth of Victoria and those hundreds of miles of spreading plains, open to the frost and to every wind that blows. But though they are so different, the problems they present are in many ways the same. First, *the loneliness of the farmer, and especially of his wife*, often far away from any neighbours. No praise is too great for the splendid "women of the West," who have followed their menfolk to open up the waste places of the earth, and turn a wilderness into a "garden of the Lord." But how lonely they often are! There have been many cases where their nerves have given way, and they have had to go to some asylum.

And this should give special impetus to all our efforts to help them morally and spiritually, as well as physically.

I have been asked to say a little more about Miss Hasell's work, and if it stimulates others to follow her example, I shall be glad to do so. She is a Director of Sunday Schools in the Diocese of Carlisle, and something stirred her up to think of the children who had no Sunday School in the Prairie districts of Canada. After her first book,

SOME REFLECTIONS

which I read, I got her to come to tea at Fulham and relate some of her adventures. At one time she fell down a precipice; her motor caravan turned turtle (I saw a photograph of it, and the camera does not lie) and it was a wonder she was not killed. She has, as a rule, one younger companion with her. On another occasion she was a little too late crossing a railway line, and the train ran into her, and her poor young companion was nearly killed, and she herself injured. Both, however, recovered, and I met her again this time at Nelson in British Columbia, after the great meeting in the Rink already described. I got her and her companion to come in to tea at the hotel. She had turned her attention then to British Columbia and was working in the Bishop of Kootenay's diocese, with his consent. She finds the lonely farms, even in British Columbia, terribly in need of spiritual help, and has established a system of "Sunday School by Post," both in this district and in the Prairie provinces, which seems to work very well.

Her discovery in one province of 100 unbaptized children (this was on the Prairies) ought to wake up the Church at home, of all denominations, to provide their people with the ministrations of religion, and I have pleaded at York on the 1,300th centenary held this summer that *Prairie Brotherhoods* should be established in Canada on precisely the lines on which, as we shall see presently, the Bush Brotherhoods have been so successful in Australia.

But it all comes round to this—*Is Christianity dying out in the Homeland?* If not, why is there

this shortage of candidates for the ministry in *all* denominations ?

I have kept the Bush Brotherhoods alive from London for twenty-five years, but cannot do it for ever, and with diminishing numbers it is very difficult to do it at all. But can a finer *man's* life be imagined than racing over those great prairies or the beautiful mountains of British Columbia in a small motor, and bringing a message from home to these plucky pioneers who have left the homeland to build up the Empire ? And not only bringing a message from their homes on earth, but helping them to believe, and to teach their children to believe, in a " Home not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens " ?

Young men to-day, thinking of taking Orders, imagine that Ordination means " going to read the Bible every day to old women ! "

I will venture to say that being ordained to-day can lead up, if the man is willing, to one of the most adventurous lives that any man can wish, and with its reward, the touching gratitude, worth more than any earthly reward, of those to whom he ministers.

Secondly, the problem is not only a spiritual one—it is also a material one—*how can these farms and fruit gardens be made to pay ?*

My mind goes back to that jolly little party of old Marlburians who entertained me at Vernon.

I talked to them one by one about their prospects. Not one of them seemed very hopeful. One said, " Oh ! I have given up fruit farming myself—I just take their beastly stuff into the station for them, and that is how I earn a living ! "

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I asked the same question of another friend whom I met at the dinner when I visited his fruit farm next day, but, as I have said, he was only able to keep his head above water ; and this, mind you, in the most famous fruit-growing valley in the world.

There is something wrong about it. We consumers have to pay an enormous price for good fruit. These men produce the best, and don't get enough to pay their way. *Who gets the difference ?* It is not my special job, but I think the Empire Marketing Board, which is, I know, a favourite child of Mr. Amery's, should look into it very carefully. You can't expect the prime of our youth to go out so far unless, when they get there, they can make a living, and, if possible, enough to retire when their work is done.

And that leads up to the third problem—*how can more be induced to go out to people the Empire ?*

Although the problem is not quite as urgent as in Australia, because of the great friendliness between Canada and her nearest neighbour (the United States), with its 3,000 miles of undefended frontier, and its nearness to the Mother Country, still *Canada is nothing like developed yet.*

I should like to be able to plump down the 150,000 miners who, alas ! will probably never get another job in England, upon the undeveloped nickel mines in Western Ontario. Of course it could only be done gradually and with caution, but I hope that the recent visits of the Prime Minister to Canada, and of the Colonial Secretary to Australia and New Zealand, will lead to a policy of

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Empire Settlement on a far vaster scale than we have ever seen as yet.

As I lay back on the comfortable cushions in the drawing-room of the "Ottawa" I thought over these things before I turned in, and with pleasant memories of the delightful welcome I had received throughout the whole Dominion of Canada, I prayed that we might be guided to solve the many problems which still remain to be solved.

PART II
THE UNITED STATES

CHAPTER VII

THE UNIVERSITIES OF AMERICA

NOW began what was a unique feature of my tour round the world. I doubt whether anyone has visited *all* the twenty-two Universities which I visited, and I feel sure that no one has spoken to all twenty-two in six weeks. It was a great experience, but, as I explained in the first chapter, it was to do this that I had been specially invited to America. I must confess that it was with considerable trepidation that I had undertaken the task. I knew Oxford and Cambridge and our great Public Schools and, to a certain extent, they knew me, but here were these great Universities, especially in the Middle West, where I was *quite* unknown. It was uncertain whether any of them wanted to hear a Christian Appeal and inasmuch as no religion can be officially taught in any University any more than in any Public School, it was quite likely that they would not do so. Moreover, nearly all the Universities were co-educational, consisting of women as well as men, and this also produced a new difficulty, as all the students, men and women, if they came out at all, would all come together, but still, as Bishop Selwyn used to say—"In we are and *on* we must."

With my arm then in a sling and suffering much

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from want of the exercise to which I am so much accustomed, for, of course, golf and tennis were for the time impossible, I started upon this campaign, throwing myself on the Power of God and the generosity of the young.

I have often thought that there is some connection between Pain and Power, and certainly there must have been some Influence at work, for I knew of nothing in myself to account for the way those dear young people of America thronged to hear that appeal, listened in their thousands for nearly an hour without moving, and came in queues to ask me questions afterwards. I must desert the diary form of narrative if I am ever to finish this book and must give a general idea of the University visits, leaving other topics to later chapters.

We began in the Middle West, at the great Agricultural College at Ames, went on to Iowa, and then first met one who was in special charge of our Chicago district, Dr. Craig Stewart, Vicar of St. Luke's, Evanston.

We found ourselves immediately in the grip of a master mind as well as in the presence of a powerful personality and whatever we may forget in the United States, we shall never forget his deep voice, and his masterful manner, softened in a moment by his charming smile.

He was a slave driver, but a very efficient and pleasant one. Under his "orders" we "did" first Chicago University, then the one at Madison, then his own University of North Western, where I received a D.D., then to Ann Arbor for Michigan University.

Then we took a turn at the Eastern Universities



OUTSIDE ST. LUKE'S, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS.

The Bishop (with arm in sling after accident) and the
Canon Craig Stewart, Vicar of St. Lukes.

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and shot down to Boston, Harvard, Brown, Hartford and Yale, winding up that section with Columbia and New York, where I had the honour of receiving a S.T.D. degree (*Sacræ Theologiæ Doctor*).

Leaving New York, to which we shall come back for other purposes presently, we went through the Universities towards the centre, Pennsylvania, Princeton, the three Universities in Washington which joined in one meeting; then we turned south to Virginia, and made a dash of 700 miles down to Tennessee to visit the peculiarly Church University of Sewanee. Finally by a "tour de force" of 4,500 miles, we got the private car of the New York Central on to a mail train and so saved twenty-four hours, and raced through Chicago up to San Francisco and finished off with the two Universities there, the University of California and the famous Leland Stanford University and the Mills College for Women.

Now thinking over what would interest my readers specially about these Universities, I would suggest that they might be interested to know (1) what difference did I find in American Universities as opposed to our own, and (2) what was the nature of the Christian Appeal which, whether it made any permanent impression or not, interested them sufficiently to induce them to come in their thousands to hear it. Well! With regard to (1), I have already hinted that the *co-educational system* constituted one great difference. Of course we have women as well as men both at Oxford and Cambridge, but the women are kept in their colleges practically apart from the men unless they are

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introduced by mutual friends as they are in ordinary life, but in America there may be 7,000 young men and 3,000 young women in absolute equality, mixed up together in frank comradeship as complete equals and associates.

There is in each University a Dean of Men and a Dean of Women, and right manfully they try to do their duty. But I am bound to say that it seemed a heavy task to ask one man and one woman to control so great a number, and I saw signs on which I do not wish to dwell of danger in the system, but take it all round, in spite of what I must call terrible books like the *Revolt of Youth* by Judge Lindsey, I think their general conduct and tone reflect the greatest credit on themselves and those who manage the Universities.

Another point which marks the difference from ours is that in America as far as I could see *every one* goes to a University. With us it is rather the survival of the fittest who appear at a University, but it is "the thing" in America for every one who is going to take up any work, which is not purely manual, to go to the University, and as I think in most cases each State makes great benefactions to their local University, it is probably possible for *every one* who wants to do so to have a University training.

Then again another difference is on this question of religion; there being no state religion in America, it has been found necessary to leave all religious education to voluntary effort. You find Ministers of all denominations in the towns making efforts with regard to their various groups. At Harvard I remember there was a young Chaplain

of the Church of England, the son of Bishop Lawrence and there was a Minister of another denomination who conducted the prayers in the Chapel every morning and arranged speakers on religion, I think every day, but there was nothing in most Universities like the College Chapel, such as we know at Oxford and Cambridge, where some sort of service is carried on daily by a Church of England Chaplain, even if very few come. I am not criticizing the state of things but merely answering the question, "How does their system differ from ours?"

(2) Then to come to the second question, as to the appeal I tried to make to the hearts and consciences of this mass of young life. I took mainly two lines, one which lasted through four Universities in the Chicago area, the four reasons which made the Gospel of Jesus Christ like the Sword of Goliath—"Give me that, there is none like it"—David said when he was offered by the Priests the Sword of Goliath, which he himself had taken from Goliath after his victory. I had arranged for copies of the Mission book, with that title,¹ to be available at the booksellers of the town so that what I could say in fifty minutes could be supplemented by further study, but I laid special emphasis on its teaching of the Love of God, its power to change the heart, its Gospel of a fresh start and its Sacramental teaching, which St. Paul found quite consistent with His Gospel of the Forgiveness of Sins—all these things account for the effectiveness and power of the Gospel in the world to-day.

But I found an even better line was to ask and

¹ *The Sword of Goliath* (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.).

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answer the question, “ *Why am I a Christian?* ” I took the whole history of the world, working up to the great revelation, the search for Truth among the Jews, and the Gentiles—the Gentiles as well as the Jews—the universal expectation of a Great One to come, the coming of that Great One, the universal agreement as to the uniqueness of His character, His claims, the inconsistency of those claims with anything we call goodness if not true, the wonderful effect of His Life, Death and Resurrection, why we believe in the Resurrection, and the consequent claim upon our lives.

Then I was, of course, ready to answer to the best of my power all the usual questions about Miracles, the failure of the Church, Christianity and War, the Divisions of Christendom and the attitude of the Church towards labour.

Of one thing I am convinced, that to tell young people to wait till they are 19 and then choose their religion is a futile proceeding. You may just as well wait to love your mother till you are 19. The religious faculty is a power which must be trained and used from early youth, and I have come back more convinced than ever of the necessity of keeping all the Church Schools we can in England and of introducing definite religious teaching as far as possible into all secular schools as well.

I have been very careful not to quote from the far too flattering press notices of my visit, for I had from end to end of America what is called a very “good press,” but I make an exception in quoting this extract from the *British American*, as it has more than a personal interest, and draws the distinction in the mind of the writer between

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British and American speaking. I never pose myself as an orator at all, but this is the way the American writer puts the contrast :

"The Bishop of London talked for fifty minutes to 8,000 students of the University of Iowa, and held them spell-bound while he told them what it means to be a Christian," writes a correspondent, who adds : "The president of 'the university commenting upon the Bishop's talk, said he had never seen a student audience so intensely interested in a speaker or his words."

This writer is emphasizing his conviction that the college youth of to-day is serious and thoughtful at bottom, as evidenced by its interest in Dr. Ingram's message. He might have said much the same thing about the Bishop's banquet audiences, his business audiences, his church audiences, and every other gathering he addressed in Chicago or elsewhere. Every listener seemed enraptured, captivated, thrilled, whether the Bishop was talking about his Christian experience, or his disagreement with Dean Inge, or his last game of golf, or his appreciation of Chicago's hospitality.

Britons talk more interestingly than most Americans, not for what they say, but for how they say it. The American is charmed by the cultured Englishman's conversation, although nine times out of ten the Englishman may be talking platitudes and spilling "bromides." But he is talking distinctly, explicitly, intelligently, resonantly, doing full justice to the noble language of Shakespeare, Milton and Macaulay.

This explains some of the Bishop of London's fascination for our college youth. They heard English "as she is spoke" in London's best circles, with the nasal twang, the bark and the bite removed, and a mere suggestion of Cockney accent added. It was a lesson—not only for our young students of both sexes, but for our friends, the University professors.¹

Then while I am speaking about the Universities, I must not leave out the games. Of course, in chaff I told them that they had spoilt our Rugby game ; it is quite different ; no quick movement and passing but a constant succession of scrimmages, and of consultations as to what to do next, also

¹ An article in the *British American*.

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endless barracking by the supporters of each side, which was rather deafening. But they are inordinately fond of it and most kindly gave me special places from which to watch it. In fact on one occasion I am sure I ought to have been shot for high treason, for my seat was hung with red, white and blue and they played "God save the King!" as I came in, and this in the presence of 20,000 people.

Then I would also mention the Fraternity Houses into which I was graciously admitted at every University when I had time to visit them. They are quite different from the Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, as they are formed by the men themselves who create their own Fraternity. They generally consist of about forty men, who live and eat together and have a sort of College life of their own.

There was a very famous one at Harvard which entertained us to dinner and a very jolly time we had with them.

The women have similar organizations in the mixed universities, besides having at least two separate colleges of their own, Westfield, near Boston, and Mills College in San Francisco. Both of these gave us a very hearty welcome and sat genially all round me on the floor while I stood up after tea and gave them the message I had come to give.

Altogether I was very glad I had taken my courage into both hands and undertaken this work, and I hope that the next holder of the Turner Scholarship, whoever he is, will have an equally enjoyable time.

CHAPTER VIII
SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
AT THE UNIVERSITIES

AT MICHIGAN

A GAIN and again I was asked by the reporters who thronged me every day—"What difference do you find between the American youth and the youth on the other side of the water?" Or again until I began to be rather rude to those who asked it so often, "What do you think of the American '*flapper*'?"

Now, in the last chapter I have pointed out the differences between the University systems in the two countries, but when you come to the individual young man and young woman, I really cannot see much difference between the things which are agitating their minds the one side of the Atlantic and those which concern them on the other, nor, having been at this work for forty years, much difference between the questions asked me now and forty years ago, when I used to lecture as a young man at Oxford and Cambridge and encourage questions afterwards.

Perhaps, however, it will interest my readers if I describe one University especially, and one evening at it, as an example of what went on constantly night after night. There are many reasons which

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make me specially remember the University of Michigan out of all the twenty-two I visited. In the first place (and this is a purely personal reason) it was the surgeon at Ann Arbor (curious name) where the University is situated, who discovered the rather rare ointment which eventually healed my arm. Then there was a very charming Principal, just appointed, with whom we made great friends. The Faculty of Law (all young fellows going to be barristers and solicitors) gave us a special luncheon. A delightful retired Navy man, whom we nicknamed "the Admiral," took us to golf every morning ; but most of all I remember that University because of the queue which waited after my "religious appeal" (I did not call it a lecture) to ask me questions. I remember the last five very well, and I may put the questions into the form of a dialogue.

"Well, Bishop, I guess I liked your talk, but it isn't true, is it, that there is no opposition between Religion and Science? What about the Book of Genesis?"

And then of course I was plunged into the usual but very needful explanation that the Bible was not given to teach us Science, and that Genesis was only a popular account in a purified form of the current ideas of the time with regard to the beginning of the world. The gentleman must, I think, have come across the fundamentalists, who are very strong down Tennessee way, but there is nothing very new in this difficulty, which was the same as our Victoria Park difficulties thirty years ago.

Then came up a nice-mannered, refined-looking youth, who said he was a Roman Catholic, and

what prospect was there of our joining up with them again ? He had heard all about the Malines conversations—was anything going to come of them ? Again, I said the obvious things for a convinced Anglican to say, which will, I fear, for a long time stop any formal reunion—“ So long as your Pope claims jurisdiction over his brother bishops throughout the world, there is not the slightest chance of any reunion ; to acknowledge him to be *primus inter pares*, in consequence of the ancient history and standing of his see is one thing, to acknowledge any *control* over the dioceses in England is quite another. No one who reads in Mr. George Trevelyan's *History of England* what a curse the Papacy had become in England before its tyranny was thrown off would ever consent to anything of the sort being introduced again.” I pointed out, of course, other points which would have to be settled before an agreement could be reached, but this was the one on which it seems only too probable that there could be no compromise.

No sooner had he thanked me and left my side than a very strong pacifist sat down—“ How are you going to reconcile Christianity with going to war at all ? ” he asked, “ the two are quite inconsistent. The conscientious objectors were very unpopular, but they were the only consistent Christians at the time of the War.”

“ Well,” I said, “ if I were going down White-chapel Road, and saw a huge villain leap upon a child and begin to illtreat it, ought I to fold my hands and stand by and say piously ‘ Resist not evil ! ’ Should I not be a coward and a scoundrel

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if I did ? Well, that is what we should have been if we had stood safely on our island and seen Belgium swallowed up by Germany ! ”

“ But it tells you to do so in the Bible. ”

“ It tells you, my boy, nothing of the sort. The maxims in the Sermon on the Mount apply to your personal conduct in avenging your own wrongs, and do not tell you to have no chivalry in righting the wrongs of others. At the same time, I am all for any effort to substitute arbitration for war, and I only wish your own nation would come and stand by us in our endeavour to make a real power of the League of Nations, and so prevent the awful calamity of another war. ”

I have no idea whether he was convinced, for in another second another had flung himself into his place.

“ Why is the Church *always* opposed to Labour ? Why does it not take its stand by the working man in his fight for his rights ? You must admit that the Church is always on the side of the employer. ”

There was a great deal more in what this young man said than in that of the other three, and he adduced several instances in America which seemed to justify his contention, but fortunately, or (as some people would say) unfortunately, the bishops in England were at that time making themselves very unpopular by championing the cause of the miners, or rather, saying that they must have a living wage for their work. I spoke about Maurice and Kingsley and Holland, and the men who are trying to carry on their work to-day, but at the same time, just because Labour was so powerful to-day, we must avoid being what Lord Hugh Cecil called

AT THE UNIVERSITIES

“ Court Chaplains to King Demos.” I think I removed some of the bitterness from the young man’s mind, but, at the same time, any impartial reader of Hammond’s *Town Labourer* must admit that, in the past, during that great fight which the working man had for 100 years to get his rightful position, he did not owe much to the Church or to any other organized Christian body.

Next day, being asked to give a lecture to the “ School of Religion ” which is an effort in connection with the University to get such subjects discussed, I took all five questions as my subject, and I think I succeeded in interesting the School of Religion for about an hour.

AT BOSTON

One Saturday all the Colleges and Schools, *not* connected with Harvard, were asked to gather in one of the Boston churches, after we had had an informal luncheon together, and I then spoke to them from the pulpit. After I had finished I asked them to gather into groups and formulate questions, and send them in to me in the Vestry. After looking at the questions, which it took them half an hour to formulate, I entered the pulpit again and answered them to the best of my power. Their numbers were far too great for me to see them one by one, and the questions were too numerous and varied to give them in detail.

AT HARVARD

Before the sermon to an immense congregation of students in Harvard University Chapel, the Chaplain had gathered about 200 in the Phillips

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Brooks House. They all sat round me on the floor; there were nothing like enough chairs. They listened most attentively for an hour, and then next morning I spent three hours in seeing one by one those who asked to see me. They asked questions on what I had said to them, and though it was a pretty strenuous bit of work, I felt it was well worth doing.

But, all through, I had no feeling that the War, as many people think, had caused such a wonderful change. All these difficulties and questions were moving the minds of Oxford and Cambridge men forty years ago as they move these men's minds to-day.

What they all want, and what, alas! they often don't get, at the critical time in their lives, is a sympathetic handling of their mental difficulties. If it was true that Bradlaugh was a Sunday School teacher who, on finding great difficulties about the Old Testament, was snubbed by his Vicar, he may be a type of a great many who can only be saved from similar loss of faith by personal dealing, man to man.

CHAPTER IX

THE REAL DIFFICULTY IN THE MINDS OF THE YOUNG TO-DAY

IN one of the most beautiful Psalms (the 107th), when the writer has described various kinds of trouble, the escape from the Wilderness, the salvation from hunger and thirst, the deliverance of those who "go down to the sea in ships," and so on, he ends up triumphantly, "*Whoso is wise will ponder these things and they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord*" (v. 43).

Now, as far as I can get to the bottom of it, the contention of the young to-day is that this is a much too optimistic conclusion for what they see in the world to-day. They do not see this splendid vindication of the righteous ; they cannot say that they never "see the righteous forsaken nor his seed beg their bread" ; they do, they say, ponder these things (and I think we should be surprised at how much they are discussed in schools and universities on both sides of the Atlantic) but they do not understand in consequence the "*loving kindness of the Lord*," and I think we must admit at once, not only that the Jews looked for and expected too much vindication of God's justice in *this* world, but even from a Christian point of view, the assumption that "all at present is for the best in

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the best of all possible worlds " is simply irritating to a thoughtful young man or woman.

It seems to them that 2,000 years of Christianity ought to have done more, and that even now the so-called Christian world is very imperfectly Christian. " There goes the founder of our Atheist Club," a young man in America is said to have commented bitterly, as a respectable member of the community walked with a Bible under his arm to his church or chapel. " Why ? " he was asked. " Because we all know him to be a humbug ; no one sweats his workpeople more or drives a harder bargain."

I have said in the last chapter that their difficulties are the same after as before the War, but I ought to have added that they are accentuated. The War is to many of the young a standing proof of the breakdown of Christianity, and that even among those who adventured their lives in it.

" So that is what 2,000 years of Christianity has brought us to," said even a grown-up alderman of Hackney to me as we walked out after watching a film depicting a splendid feat of arms, but attended with much loss of life and crowds of wounded and dying. I had been thrilled by the courage in it, but that was how it struck him.

Then, undoubtedly, the amount of venom and party spirit there is over doctrines and sects and Churches (in America there are 250 sects calling themselves Christian) fairly " puts off " the young. They have not gone into the matter enough to know what it is all about, but they hear and see enough to know that the " religion of love " seems

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to produce a precious amount of bickering and controversy.

Added to that, if we come across rather an impatience of admonition from their elders, it must be admitted that it is not without a certain amount of justification.

“What a hell of a mess our elders have made of the world as it is!” say some of the young. “Let us have a try in our own way. We can’t well do worse.”

“If I kept my battleship in the condition God keeps His world,” a keen young captain is reported to have said, “I should be dismissed the Service to-morrow!”

It is, therefore, I think, in quite a humble frame of mind that we have to deal with the young to-day. There is a great deal in what they say, but of course it is not the whole truth. For instance, war (and no one has a greater right to speak of it than the young, for millions of them died in it) is a blundering bloody business, and settles nothing. It leaves the victors often poorer than the vanquished, and leads to the piling up of armaments which takes the life-blood out of honest trade; and yet what lukewarm support the League of Nations has won among Christian people!

Then the industrial world! Is there no truth in their contention that Christian principles are often the last thing which govern the industrial world; that big Business, with a big “B,” often knows little of the teaching of the Man of Nazareth?

But where they are wrong is in not seeing that what they have to do is not to sit still and do nothing, but to be “up and doing.” No one can

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contend that any other principles except Christian principles have a chance of changing the world. Buddhism had been in existence 500 years before Christianity, but what *power* has Buddhism to change anything, even the countries in which it is professed? The condition of Hindu Temples, and the status of women in Mahometan countries rule them out too as the power which is going to mould the future of the world.

It is really a literal fact that it is "Christ or nothing" to-day. The excellent work done by the Christian Student Movement is, I believe, bringing this home to thousands of the young to-day.

It does not wholly remove their difficulties; they are still worried about miracles and Biblical Criticism, and what sceptical teachers or professors hold, or (as often happens) are supposed to hold.

But steadily the conviction is sinking in that all the improvement there *has* been yet is due to Christianity, that if it took a million years to make a world, it may take a million years to make a world-wide Church, and steadily, very steadily, it is dawning on men's minds that "God made of one blood every nation upon earth," that the Church too was to be *one*, "as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee"; and that Christ is the King of all life, and that no industry and no phase of life can be withdrawn from His rule.

Looking back over the last fifty years since I was at Oxford myself, I see a great change. The little Christian Social Union started by Bishop Gore and Canon Scott Holland, is finding a wider life in the Industrial Christian Fellowship; the League of Nations is something more to-day than a hopeful

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experiment, and only needs the enthusiasm of the young of the world behind it to become an even greater power. Lausanne may not have resulted in anything definite yet, but the very holding of such a meeting would have been impossible fifty years ago, and therefore my appeal to the young was and is "to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty." It is in no spirit of self-complacency but in a spirit of humble acknowledgment of our own failure that we say to the young to-day, "Come and help us with your youth and your initiative, and your fresh ideas; the world is saved by *Hope*." And with regard to the more fundamental Doubts about the beneficence of the Power behind the Veil, I would say to the young, "Look steadily at the whole facts. Is life *as a whole* miserable?" It certainly is not. I have often said that in London, *at any given moment*, I could produce nine happy people to one unhappy one. I say "at any given moment" because each has at some time some trials to bear, and if they take them rightly, their trials often result in their ultimate happiness. But I doubt if any man who knows life would contend that the Creator, by bestowing life upon His creatures, has not been "justified in His sayings, and clear when He is judged."

What we have to realize is—as was so well said to us in London lately—that "we are the only *body* God has on earth," and that we have to be the hands, feet and mouth of God as He rectifies the wrongs of the world; the captain keeps his battleship in order *through* his men (that is the answer to the sailor), and God keeps His world clean *through*

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us. If once the young understood that they were the hands and feet and mouth of God, and that He works through them, there would be an offering and a sacrifice, and a chivalry on their part not yet seen to-day.

When they have looked at life as it is, and have seen it *whole*, they may even be able to join in the conclusion of the psalmist—"Whoso is wise will ponder these things, and they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord "

CHAPTER X

GREAT MEETINGS IN THE UNITED STATES

AS we all know, in the United States meetings and gatherings of all sorts are endless, and the hospitality found there is boundless, and therefore I was not surprised to find that besides the meetings at the Universities, I was expected to address gatherings of the Pilgrims, of the English-Speaking Union, and of the Transatlantic Union, and often luncheon parties of anything from 100 to 1,000 men from one end of the States to the other.

The gatherings which stand out most clearly in my memory are first a meeting of all those interested in Christian Education which assembled from all over the country to meet me at Detroit, then the Pilgrims' Dinner in New York, which was attended by 800 of the leading men in New York, the English Speaking Union Dinner, also in New York the next day, and the same Union's dinners in Philadelphia and Washington, the Business men's luncheon in Detroit given by the Bishop, the luncheon of 400 given by the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce at Sacramento, and the really marvellous gathering of 1,000 men asked to meet me at luncheon at the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco.

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In each case I was the only speaker as the guest of the Club or Union, whichever it happened to be, and it certainly wanted "some doing" to have anything fresh to say to such similar gatherings.

But, as a matter of fact, there were a good many things which wanted putting right between our two great nations at that time, and so far as such a humble individual as myself could do anything, I tried to smooth away misunderstandings. For instance, to the great gathering of Pilgrims at New York I tried to bring home to that audience, which consisted of the richest men in the world, what the payment of the great debt to America meant to this country. I said we had no intention of asking a penny back, the debt was paid and there was an end of it, but they ought to realize that men who had given one or even two sons in the war were now parting with their homes owing to the enormous taxation which the payment of the debt involved. I then dealt with other causes of misunderstanding, such as the School-books still used in America greatly misrepresenting the events of the reign of George III, and pleaded that a series of handbooks should be issued on the lines of Mr. George Trevelyan's *History*, or, if they preferred, their own Sydney Fisher's *History*, which really deals impartially with the facts.

Finally I pleaded that they should all remember what they owed to the old country from which most of their ancestors came, for its heritage of law and order and the glorious traditions of 1,000 years of history.

At the English-Speaking Unions in New York, Philadelphia and Washington I dealt with the

League of Nations, as the one chance of avoiding another world war.

I pointed out that there were two ways, and two ways only, of getting fifty-two nations not to quarrel; one was by threatening any who did so with terrible penalties, financial or otherwise. The other by getting them together and seeing if they could not *agree* not to quarrel. This we have found the successful way among the East End boys, and this was the experiment being tried at Geneva. Only three nations had been left out when the Protocol was signed by forty-nine nations—Germany, Russia and themselves. Germany had since joined, so they were left with Russia—was it good enough?

They took it all in excellent part, and in every part of the world I find people like us to put our point of view as clearly and forcibly as we can, so long as we leave them free to hold to *their* point of view.

As a matter of fact, a great number of Americans are absolutely in sympathy with the League of Nations and, as we know, the galleries every summer at Geneva are filled by Americans. It has now become a matter of party politics and I doubt if anything will be done formally for a long time, but as a leading soldier said as I sat down, "Whatever happens, Bishop, whether we join or not, *you have always got us behind you at a pinch.*" That I believe to be absolutely true and takes the sting out of any disappointment felt at the comparative failure of the late Naval Conference.¹

¹ Since writing this, the proposal of Mr. Kellogg for a Peace Pact bears out what I write.

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The visit to Detroit was an intensely interesting one, not only for the two hours' talk with Mr. Ford, as he most kindly showed us over one of his great factories and gave us an illustration of welding together steel plates by an electric machine, but also because of two gatherings there which had a special interest. One was the gathering of delegates from all over the States on Religious Education. I took for my subject Judge Lindsey's book on *The Revolt of Youth* given me by a Bishop. I asked if it was true or not. It gave the most appalling, and to me unbelievable account of juvenile depravity in America, and as the author was Judge of one of the Juvenile Courts, I felt he must know something about it. I told them that the book should either be repudiated or answered, and that it was really up to such a body as they were to take the matter in hand. I said that for myself I should refuse to believe it, for according to the book, the depravity was just as general among High School girls as among the poorer classes, and that unless refuted, it would leave a very bad impression upon the ordinary visitor's mind. I was somewhat comforted next day to hear from another Judge of a Juvenile Court that he thought the picture was much too darkly painted.

I met this Judge at the other gathering at Detroit of which I wish to speak—a luncheon party of seventy business men given by the Bishop of the Diocese. What interested me at this was their extremely friendly feeling towards Great Britain. I took as my subject the Dean of St. Paul's book on *England*, which was at that time being largely quoted in the American Press, often in a very mis-

leading way, as quotations always are when taken from their context.

I admitted the truth of a great deal that was said in it with the author's invariable force, but told them that they must not conclude from it that "England was going to the dogs," and they burst out into most genuine and spontaneous cheering, and this was, remember, in the Middle West, where they have not as a rule quite the same feeling towards the Old Country which prevails on the Atlantic seaboard. The Middle West, for instance, would hardly endorse Professor Murray Butler's fine phrase in his speech at the Pilgrims' dinner in New York, that Great Britain was for the first two years of the War "guarding the gate of the House of Liberty." They are so much further from Europe, and they are 1,000 miles from the coast, and any danger from Germany seemed to them remote and unreal, and therefore it was particularly noticeable that in Detroit there should have been such a spontaneous and hearty demonstration of good feeling towards Great Britain.

I could speak of many other meetings in the States, but I should be afraid of wearying my readers if I dealt with any more.

CHAPTER XI

WHAT IS THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THE FEELING IN THE UNITED STATES TOWARDS GREAT BRITAIN

THIS is probably the most important question in the world, and yet it is one of the most difficult to answer. In the first place, there are not only two but five or six Americas. The 350,000 Germans in Milwaukee would tell you one story, the one or two millions of Irish would tell you another, the mass of South Europeans, who came over in such numbers until stopped by the "quota" regulations, would tell you another, the splendid old British stock, especially strong in New England and Virginia, would tell you another; and my real wonder is not that America came late into the War, but that all our many well-wishers and sympathizers were able to bring such a heterogeneous nation into it at all.

It is really astonishing how many over here seem to imagine that the Americans are all composed of British people. It isn't fair to expect them to look at things always as we do. Our friends do; probably the people we know so well over here, such as Bishop Manning, Professor Murray Butler or Bishop Lawrence, would look at questions, even if they did not agree, with the understanding of our

position born of intimate knowledge, but look at the election of the Mayor of Chicago on the cry that his opponents were "lackeys of King George." What we forget is that the whole of that period of the rebellion against George III has been thought by generations of American boys and girls as the most glorious period, not only of *their* history, which in many ways it is, but of *all* history, and "how we licked the British" is the standing source of pride in the children's minds to-day. When I said in America at the great meetings that this was the case, what I said was questioned, but I had three instances of young men who told me themselves that they were taught to hate England as boys, and I met this summer in Scotland a man of high standing in New York who told me exactly the same thing.

And therefore it is not so easy as people think to get our two nations to understand one another, and I was not so much surprised as some people were at no understanding being arrived at on the question of the Navy.

It is only too easy and too popular among sections of the Press in America "to twist the lion's tail."

That being the case, it is all the more important for the educated part of each nation to do all they can to remove misunderstandings and promote good feeling between the two great nations. The well-being of the world really depends upon it.

As a preliminary step, as I pressed home again and again, the minds of the youth of America should no longer be poisoned against Great Britain by perverted accounts of what happened at the

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great rebellion. There were faults on both sides, and on the whole, the greater fault was on ours ; but surely now the whole story might be told the youth of both nations under the guidance of the great books I have mentioned. Miss Ellice Hopkins used to say, " Better put a fence at the top of a cliff than an ambulance at the bottom," and it does not seem much good people going over to remove misunderstandings if they are sown afresh in every generation.

Then do let there be more mutual visits, and not only to the Atlantic seaboard, but to the great Middle West and to the Pacific Coast. It is in the great Middle West where the danger of misunderstanding largely lies. They are so far from the coast, and all that happens in Europe is so remote from them that England is often classed by them as " Europe," and any silly cry raised, as it was in Chicago, is far more likely to be believed. Even the visit of such a humble person as myself did a little good, and if only a large number of more influential people could go, even more could be done.

Then, over here, there is a work to be done—" I don't like Americans," is not at all an uncommon thing to hear, but when you press home the question why? you find the reason is either some rather unattractive person they have encountered, whom the cultivated American would be the first to disown as typical of his country, or because they exacted their debt, when " they were bulging with all the gold there was in the world ! "

The grievance takes this form : " We were fighting their cause for two years by ourselves, with

our back to the wall, while they made their fortunes by profiteering on munitions of war ; we only borrowed to help our former allies ; they came in late when we had already lost half a million men, and then they asked us to pay every penny as if the War had had nothing to do with them ”—this is what is often felt.

Now, as I have said, I told the great audiences frankly at what a cost we were paying the debt, and after the meeting—I don't say in consequence of it—Professor Murray Butler, who was in the Chair, headed a great protest among the Professors of America against its exaction ; but let us be fair on the other side. This loan was raised like all other loans from *individuals*, and those individuals had to be paid their principal or their interest. It would have been a tall order to ask the State out of its taxes to repay to all those individuals what they had lent, and although I think personally that when the Allies won at last their great victory, some sort of general cancellation all round, reckoning loss of life as more than equivalent to loss of money, would have been a far more splendid finish to a great common effort for the freedom of the world, still the point made above must in all fairness be considered, if bitterness is to be avoided over here.

Probably one of the best things which has happened this summer is the visit of our Prime Minister to the Peace Bridge. Canada is of priceless use in interpreting the States to Great Britain and Great Britain to the States. That long unfortified frontier of 3,000 miles is a standing witness to the peaceable feelings of the one towards the other.

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Canadians go freely into the States and are popular there. Canadian nurses get very high wages, and Canadian boys are much sought after in Detroit. In fact, for Canada's sake I was rather distressed at the way so many professional men (including clergy) were attracted across the border by the higher incomes and better chances of doing well, but at any rate, it shows nothing but good will between the two nations, and the more our kith and kin over there hold together on both sides of the border, the more quickly will misunderstandings fade away and the English-speaking nations of the world form a united whole in defence of those traditions and convictions which have made them great.¹

¹ When I put the main outline of this chapter before the American Legion in St. Margaret's, Westminster, when they were over in October, 1927, they all came up one by one and thanked me for my sermon and the Commander wrote a special letter of thanks.

CHAPTER XII

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA

IT is not generally known why the "Protestant Episcopal Church of America" (to use its rather awkward and misleading title) is small in numbers compared with many other denominations. The reason is a political one. For 170 years after the landing on the Jamestown River in 1607, which really constituted the beginning of the American Nation, rather than the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers some thirteen years later, the Bishop of London was the only Bishop the American Church possessed. In those 170 years young men had to toil across the stormy seas to Fulham Palace to be ordained, and it is recorded that some were drowned going, and some coming back—not a great encouragement to taking Holy Orders. In vain did my predecessor, Bishop Beilby Porteous, plead that a Bishop might be sent out. Walpole and successive Prime Ministers considered that it would upset the nerves of the new American Nation to have Bishops, and none was sent until, as we all know, the American Church obtained its episcopate from the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and that is the reason that their Prayer Book is practically the same as the Scottish Prayer Book. This bears a good deal upon the present contro-

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versy about the new Prayer Book, as all the Evangelicals in America are surprised to hear that the Evangelicals in England think that the new Prayer Book (practically identical with their own) upsets the Reformation Settlement, as they themselves have never known or used any other.

When I went over to America in 1907 to keep the three hundredth anniversary of the Church of America, bearing with me a beautiful Bible from King Edward VII, I took over many extracts from the reports sent to the then Bishop of London by their Commissaries out there during the 170 years. I can remember the report upon one clergyman—(let us hope it was in a minority of one)—“*staunch Tory but hard drinker.*” I was also able to hand to President Roosevelt a document which he greatly valued as a Cromwell lover,—the document appointing the first Governor of Rhode Island, signed by Bradshaw and sealed by Cromwell. This Governor was the very Colonel who had ousted the Bishop from Fulham Palace during part of the twenty years of the Commonwealth and who apparently had left this document by accident behind him.

Considering then what a bad start the Episcopal Church had, it is wonderful what progress it has made in the last 130 years. Even twenty years ago when I went over and preached at their three-hundredth anniversary there were well over 100 Bishops, and there have been many more since. At the last Lambeth Conference fifty-two came over to this country and we always value their jocundity, their wit and practical wisdom.

I believe it is true to say that the Episcopal

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Church has an influence out of all proportion to its numbers, and I need not say that I received a loving and affectionate welcome from every Bishop as I passed through his diocese, and, where possible, stayed a few days with him.

Among other delightful visits, I must mention first our visit to the Bishop of Chicago (Anderson), who, with his wife and two daughters, entertained us most cordially, and who arranged not only the gathering at the Chicago University and a luncheon of the English-Speaking Union, but also a gathering of the Church people of Chicago. I have already alluded to the Bishop who entertained us at Detroit, and thence we went on during the night, seeing the glorious autumn colouring of New England, as we drew wide the curtains of the car, and found ourselves under the fatherly care of the veteran Bishop Lawrence, who entertained us at his country house outside Boston.

His services to the Church have been many, but his final service before his retirement was to establish an efficient pension system for the Church, on the experience of which we have largely drawn in establishing our own pension system over here. He has just published his *Memories of a Happy Life*, which is well worth reading.

Our next Episcopal host for any length of time was Bishop Manning of New York. He had long been known to all of us as the Rector of Trinity Church, New York—the richest parish in the world, with an income of many thousands a year, of course administered under a trust, and it had been my privilege to present him with an auto-

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graphed photograph of our own King some years ago in recognition of his well-known friendship towards this country and his holding a memorial service in Trinity Church, when King Edward died.

When he became Bishop of New York we sent him over a Pastoral Staff from the diocese of London, as a mark of our friendship from the one diocese to the other.

It was therefore a special pleasure to stay with him as Bishop of New York. I have already spoken of many things which happened in New York, such as the great Pilgrim dinner, and the degree so kindly conferred upon me by Columbia University, but I must mention the wonderful congregation in the new Cathedral of New York, where I preached through an amplifier one Sunday morning. It was reckoned that nearly 10,000 people were present, and yet without an effort every word of my sermon was heard by them all, very much better than it was heard at a similar gathering in York itself after my return, although a similar instrument was used. To use the Bishop's daughter's forcible expression "the people were just hanging from the roof!"

On leaving New York the next Bishop to receive us was Bishop Garland of Philadelphia, who was keeping the fifteenth anniversary of his tenure of the See. The Presiding Bishop (Murray) gave us the most loving welcome as we passed through Baltimore next day, and presided when I addressed 2,000 of Johns Hopkins University, and then we found ourselves under the care of Bishop Freeman of Washington.

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I naturally took the deepest interest in this Cathedral, as I had been present twenty years before and had given an address when President Roosevelt laid the foundation stone, and this time I laid a brick from the old parish church of Jamestown—the oldest Church in America—in the wall of the new Cathedral. Under Bishop Freeman I have little doubt that the Cathedral will be completed in a way worthy of its splendid site.

I found my dear old friend Bishop Gibson of Virginia—my host of twenty years ago—dead, but the veteran Bishop of West Virginia, Bishop Tucker, was still alive and he accompanied us to Charlottesville to visit the Theological Seminary of Virginia where so many of the clergy of that part of the country have been trained.

Then followed one of the most interesting episcopal visits which we paid. It is a far cry to Sewanee in Tennessee, at least 700 miles from Charlottesville where the University of Virginia is situated, and I confess that until I realized that Bishop Gailor lived there, and that Sewanee was a Church University, and his special child, I felt inclined to give this University “the miss,” but I am very glad I did not. Situated in beautiful country in a forest on a high hill, Sewanee University has a charm which is all its own. Bishop Gailor is like a kind father surrounded by his boys, and there has sprung up round it a Theological College for elderly men willing to be ordained, in memory of Dr. Du Bose, a Sisters’ School for the inhabitants of the mountain districts and a similar effort among the boys carried on by the Fathers of the Holy Cross.

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Those who saw the play called *Sun Up* in London will remember the rather ignorant and boorish peasantry who formed the personelle of the play. They came from these very mountains and having been originally children of settlers presented a curious instance of "reversion to type" until taken in hand first by an Archdeacon who gave his whole life to them, and then by the Sisters and Brothers as recorded above.

On leaving Sewanee and taking the long journey of 4,500 miles to San Francisco, and dining *en route* with our friends the Andersons at Chicago, our next Episcopal host was the Bishop of Sacramento (Moreland), who surprised the party shaving at 6 in the morning, as the mail train arrived at Sacramento earlier than we expected.

He had often stayed at Fulham with me and it was at his special request that I stopped at Sacramento on the way to San Francisco. It was to be a bit of a holiday, and we had both golf and tennis, but of course it had to include a great luncheon of welcome. Incidentally, what seemed to add to their joy was that I was *not* going to Los Angeles, from which I concluded there was a certain amount of friendly (!) rivalry between the two towns.

Then when we got to San Francisco, although we stayed at Mr. Crocker's lovely house twenty-five miles outside the town, the Bishop (Parsons) gave us the most cordial welcome, and we ended up our delightful visit of five days by a touching and beautiful service in the crypt of the Cathedral, which we hope some day to hear of as completed.

One of the most interesting things we saw in San Francisco was a huge Ionic Cross, erected in mem-

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ory of the first time the Prayer Book was used in America by the Rev. Francis Fletcher, Chaplain to Sir Francis Drake—on June 24, 1579—with the motto on it “Deo sit semper gloria!”

Now, from all this my readers will gather that the Episcopal Church of America holds a special place of its own. It is everywhere from end to end of America; it appeals to reason, Scripture and history, and holds a midway position between Rome on the one hand and the 250 sects in America on the other. It will live to fulfil, I hope, Bishop Lightfoot's well-known prophecy, “*Under the Church which holds the historic Orders in one hand and the open Bible in the other, Christendom will one day be re-united.*”

CHAPTER XIII

MORE ABOUT THE CHURCH IN AMERICA

IN reading over the foregoing chapter, it occurs to me that I am taking for granted a great deal of detailed knowledge which the so-called "general reader" may not possess. For instance, I have said "*as we all know*, the American Church obtained its Episcopate from the Episcopal Church of Scotland." But *do we all know why they have Orders from Scotland?* I don't suppose we do, unless it has been our business to look into such matters, but as a matter of fact, it is a very interesting bit of history that the little, and at that time, persecuted and despised Church of Scotland should, in the Providence of God, have had the privilege of passing on the Episcopate to what is going to be one of the greatest nations upon earth.

It came about in this way. Bishops in England in those days were far more Statesmen than they are to-day. The new type of Bishop, more or less introduced by the great Bishop Wilberforce, who sticks to his diocese and visits it parish by parish, and rather resents being called up to London except for urgent necessity, was then unknown. The settlement with the American Colonies, about to be welded into the American nation, had been

made in 1771. The friction had by no means died down. Was it wise to send over to America those who were largely looked upon as great State Officials? The Government of the day thought not. In vain, as I have said, Bishop Beilby Porteous pleaded, as his correspondence shows, again and again, that this should be allowed. (We have at Fulham still what is called the Porteous Library.) But it was not done, and at last, in despair of help from England, a clergyman named Seabury was sent over to Scotland, and, as so often happens, just before the authorities *did* relent in England, was consecrated the first Bishop of America by the Scottish Church. Very naturally, he took back with him the Scottish Liturgy under which he had been consecrated. Those of us who visit Scotland on our holidays have often been present at the services where it is used, and, if Bishops or Priests, have celebrated with it. Its chief feature, as differing from our own, is the restoration of the Canon, the introduction of the Epiklesis, or invocation of the Holy Spirit, in the same place in which it is proposed to introduce it in our New Prayer Book, and the allowance of Reservation, which has never been attended with the slightest difficulty in Scotland. All this has been transferred to America, and although it is true one or two churches have gone beyond Scotland, and have introduced Benediction, the great mass of the American clergy have been absolutely loyal to the "rock whence they were hewn and the hole of the pit whence they were digged," and are surprised (and something more) at the fuss now made in England on the introduction of a book which *all* Evangelicals

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as well as Catholics (so called) have used for so many years.

It was this fatal error on behalf of the authorities at home, coupled with the unpopularity incurred by the Church of England clergy largely espousing the cause of the King against what they thought "the rebels" which accounts for the small numbers of the Episcopal Church compared with other Christian bodies, such as Methodists, for instance, who could multiply their ministry as fast as they liked, without waiting for the ordination by a Bishop.

SPECIAL MISSION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

And that brings me to expand another point which is rather implicit than explicit in the last chapter. What is the special Mission of the Church of England, and why is it so important to have it properly represented in all parts of the world? For instance, when we come to Corea we shall find that there are only 5,000 of our Communion there, whereas Rome claims 100,000, and the Presbyterians 100,000. The truth is that numbers *to-day* do not matter. It is a question of what is going to happen at the end of 1,000 years, not to say 10,000.

There can be no doubt that only the Church that can appeal successfully to *History*, *Reason* and *Scripture*, will be found to survive the test of time.

Now, our belief is that the Church of England is able to survive all three of those searching tests. I do not want to introduce a note of controversy in what is meant to be a book of "Holiday Recollections," but it is one of those things which I had to

point out to the Theological Seminary in New York, at Cambridge and in Virginia, and therefore is knit up with my recollections of this World Tour.

With regard to *History*, it is my firm belief that our conception of the proper government of the Church by Bishops, Priests and Deacons, will stand the test of History. Bishop Lightfoot's famous essay is often quoted as if it undermined the historic Episcopate, but, as a matter of fact, it does nothing of the sort ; it only seeks to show *how* the Episcopate grew out of the " elders ordained in every church " we read of in the Acts. We believe that there is no historical justification for one Church claiming *jurisdiction* over the others, however much an ancient and historic Church may gain *influence*, owing to its history and standing. The forged Decretals are now admitted to be forged, although the effect which resulted from the belief in their authenticity for so many hundred years remains. In that entrancing book, Mr. Trevelyan's *History of England*, it comes out clearly from his impartial survey that the Historical Church of England, though submitting for a time to direction from Rome, was always struggling to be free, and finally became free.

Then, when we turn to *Reason*, as Mr. Holden points out in his *Special Bases of the Anglican Claim*, one of the glories of the Church of England is that it appeals in all its teaching to Reason ; it honours Reason and looks upon it as a God-given gift. " Picture, prove, persuade," is the method of the Church of England. " There's the Catholic Faith, take it or be damned," is never the tone of the teaching of the Church of England. My own line

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at the Universities was always to show to those great audiences of the young that it was a *reasonable* thing to be a Christian, that whereas there were many things in the Christian religion *above* our reason, there was nothing *contrary* to reason, and that there was a great truth in the old saying of one of the ancient Fathers, “Anima naturaliter Christiana”—“The soul is *naturally* Christian.” Undoubtedly this respect for Reason is a special feature of the English Church throughout the world.

Coming to *Scripture*, it is easy to show that the Church of England is the most scriptural Church in the world. Not only does it read in its daily services four passages of Scripture (which Dr. Liddon called four “letters from Heaven”) but it lays down in its articles “that nothing may be taught as essential to eternal salvation but such as can be proved by “*certain warrant of Holy Scripture.*”

To anyone who has to preach week by week, and even day by day, it is of priceless value to think that there is no “Scripture” which is inconsistent with the message which he gives, and that every article in the Creed that he professes can be proved by warrant of Holy Scripture. “*The Church to teach and the Bible to prove,*” is the motto of the Church of England! That being the case, I am not surprised to find as I have gone round the world, the growing power and influence of what we have to call, though it is not a good name, “The Anglican Communion.” I say we have to call it so because I cannot consider that the phrase “The Church of England in Canada” or “In Aus-

tralia " is a good description. Instantly you put up the backs of those who want the Church to be a Church of the country where they live, and the " United Church of Canada " made up of Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists, has taken a title which would have been in my opinion far better than the one our Church has to-day. But we must look far beyond the English-speaking race. The Church in Japan is specially anxious to identify itself with the Japanese, and that is why the Japanese Church luncheon to which we shall come *had* to be eaten with chopsticks, and we all had to sit on the floor. The Corean Church in the same way is to be really Corean, and so with China, and yet all of them are in full communion with the Church of England, and really form *one* Church. Now to come back to America—that is why I say that the numerical inferiority of what is called (again a bad name) " The Protestant Episcopal Church," is a matter of small account. My belief is—for what it is worth—that at the end of 1,000 years that Church will have successfully appealed to history, reason and Scripture in a community which is daily becoming more enlightened by the spread of education through its countless schools and Universities: I believe that it will have absorbed into its bosom many of the 250 sects in America, and will have won the confidence of the great mass of the nation, and so will be prepared to take a leading part in that great reunion of Christendom, for which every earnest Christian must work and pray.

CHAPTER XIV

GOLF AND TENNIS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC

THIS is a chapter which the serious-minded can skip, but I should feel a great humbug if I did not include it. In fact, I should be *thought* a great humbug by my golf partners at St. Andrews and Sheringham, and still more so by the many young tennis players who come to play at Fulham, if I pretended that I did not include in my Recollections of my Tour *any* recollections of golf and tennis.

As a matter of fact, it was these intervals for recreation which carried me through and enabled me to complete the tour without missing a single engagement, which, for a man in his seventieth year, was not a bad record, especially after what might have been such a crippling accident on the Arrow Lake.

If you come to think of it, it was a pretty good strain on the brain to have so many important speeches, sermons and addresses to give, and if you saw my Chaplain's diary, you would see how much I have cut out. About every other line this occurs: "Bishop preached at 11 a.m." "Bishop spoke to 1,000 men," etc. All this I have omitted as particularly boring to the ordinary reader.

If, therefore, there had been no recreation of any kind, whatever was done was sure to lose its freshness ; in our work you have to be “ on the top of your work ” and not let the work be on the top of you.

So leaving out the lamentably unsuccessful (but very amusing) fishing expedition on the Saguenay River to which I have already alluded, our first bit of recreation was on the St. Bruno Links at Montreal. If I may give a bit of advice to my readers, don't go there on quite such a hot day as we did, and don't take on a certain Mr. Hill, a champion there, without a good handicap. We were baked, or rather boiled (for it was a damp heat), as we went round, and it took the best play of the two of us (my Chaplain playing specially well) to carry Mr. Hill to the last green, and then he beat us. However, it was very delightful having a full round after being cooped up all night in the train from Quebec.

There was no time for recreation at Ottawa, what with services and celebrations of the centenary, but at Toronto we found a fine sporting crowd, who joyfully received us into their midst. Shall we ever forget the day on the Lambton Links when the leading business men of Toronto assembled to give us a hearty—a *most* hearty—lunch, and then broke up to play a series of foursomes in the afternoon. You have to “ hop ” the river four or five times, but if you get successfully over, the course is not difficult and, as I think I have already related, at a merry tea at the end of the afternoon, I was unanimously elected Honorary President of the Toronto Walking Club. What good chaps they were ! I often think of them, also of the boy at the

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Club, to whom I was about to present a dollar, when he presented me with a gold sovereign, a half sovereign and a florin to give to any Hospital the Prince of Wales was interested in ; he had attended his Royal Highness when he was there, he said. He was a Sheffield lad, and had received 1,000 dollars wedding present from the Club a few weeks previously. It looks as if *some* of our emigrants make good all right.

The next good golf links were at Winnipeg and after another long run in the train we certainly did enjoy the exercise. We were taken to St. Charles' Links (I hope I have got it right) and had a good day with an Archdeacon (the Archdeacons were all sportsmen) and three or four delightful Laymen. Alas ! on my return journey, owing to the unfortunate accident, there was no golf for me.

Our next golf match was at that priceless place—Jasper Park, which I have already described, and there was a photograph taken called “ The Church Triumphant.” I have never before won sixteen holes in succession and the 18th, the 17th being alone halved. It was not owing to my good play, though I was pretty decent that day, but owing to the fact that my genial companion, who was unruffled throughout—a real pattern Christian—had only lately learnt the game, and though his drives were terrific nothing much happened afterwards. And what a gloriously sunny day it was ! Nothing really mattered.

Then at our next stopping place came on the scene another charming Archdeacon (Heathcote) and the Principal of the Theological College (Vance). This was at Vancouver.

GOLF AND TENNIS

Again, with the help of some kind Laymen, we had some excellent rounds, first on one golf links and then on another (I forget their respective names) and refreshed ourselves in the midst of the very heavy programme provided at Vancouver.

Then in the lovely Vancouver Island we found an enthusiastic golfer in the Bishop (Schofield), and after the great day of the Stone-laying already described, we were taken to what without exception was the finest links we played upon in Canada, the Colnwood Golf Links, about six miles from Victoria. This was about the only time we had a full round, as the joke was (a very poor one for a golfer) that at about the 10th or 12th hole some one always said, "We must stop now, or we shall be late for the meeting."

But on that particular day we were allowed a real holiday and greatly we enjoyed it. The only fly in the ointment was that, as I fortunately (or unfortunately) won, the Bishop insisted on having his revenge on the Saturday, instead of my having my one chance of a salmon, and took me on to the Oak Bay course near Victoria where, with one leg in the sea and the other on a rock, I was fairly easily defeated.

British Columbia itself is too mountainous for much golf, but we managed to put in two games at Kamloops on a series of hills where the wind froze your blood, and another at the beautiful Nelson where, if you managed to keep the ball on the mountainous course, you were quite all right.

Then followed the sad season when, with my arm in a sling, no golf was possible, and I shall never forget my joy when at Madison, after dressing the

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wound, the clever surgeon said, "And now we will see if a little golf will not stimulate the arm," and when afterwards I made a long putt into a hole, much to his and my surprise, he said he wished he had not bandaged the arm so well.

At Ann Arbor, Boston, New York, and Princeton visitors will find nice courses close by, and we tried them all, but the most remarkable course I have ever played upon was at Sewanee in Tennessee, where you had to tee the ball for every shot and even then were lucky if you got a whack at it.

I may here digress for a moment to comment upon a game I watched, not played—a football match between the North-Western University and Carleton at Evanston, in U.S.A. It was indeed a poor imitation of our Rugby; but what pleased me at first was the fact that the band struck up "God save the King"—presumably in my honour. Only later did I learn that the American national song "My Country, 'tis of thee" is sung to the same tune!¹

Our final act in America, as it had been the final act before we left Liverpool, was a game of golf, this time with our most kind host, Mr. Crocker, and greatly we enjoyed this last morning round on a dandy little course near the house. Note the phrase "dandy," as I learned it at San Francisco, and it is the phrase which leads us for a few moments from golf to tennis.

"The Bishop is a *dandy* player, but he can't beat

¹ This may save me from the charge of high treason, alluded to in an earlier chapter.



THE BISHOP WITH MISS HELEN WILLS.

After their match, California, Nov. 11th, 1926.

our Helen," formed the headlines of all the papers in California after the match, which became so famous that many people believed that I had gone over for no other purpose than to play with Miss Helen Wills.

I should rather think I could not beat "their Helen," and there was never any idea of our having a single, but Mr. Gerald Campbell, the sporting Consul-General (and how good those Consul-Generals were to me all over the world !), thought that I might like to have a tennis match in which she and the Champion (Bill Johnson) of California and Dr. Hardy, the ex-champion, took part. If I may criticize the arrangement, I think it would have been better if one of the men players had not been a champion, as I do not pretend to attain to champion form, but we had great fun ; Miss Wills and I got up to 4 against the two men, and Bill Johnson and I got up, I think, to 5 against the other two.

Although Mr. Campbell had gone to great trouble to keep the match secret the news had somehow leaked out, and there must have been at least twenty cameras going the whole time. The entire Press of California was present, and this accounts for the exaggerated space which this match, which was merely played *en passant* between addressing the University of California at 11, and Mills College for Women at 5, occupied in the local Press. It was very kind of them all to play with me and I had the great pleasure this summer of entertaining Miss Helen Wills and her mother at Fulham Palace at dinner and presenting her with a bouquet of roses on her winning,

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the day before, the Women's Championship of the world.

Unlike some of these women who devote themselves wholly to athletics, she is an extremely cultivated girl, and is doing very well at the University, both in art and literature ; and after winning the Doubles also on the next day after she was at Fulham, she has now returned with her mother to resume her studies at the University.

To go back to golf for a moment, one of the most amusing games was played at Ottawa, when Sir Robert Borden (one of the most charming personalities in Canada) and Sir George Perley, well known as the Commissioner for Canada in London for so many years, were kind enough to play with us. Sir Robert was a little deliberate in his play, but one of his very intimate friends ran up to me on the tee and whispered to me the reason—"Don't be surprised," he said, "if Sir Robert is a little slow—he says *three* times before he hits the ball—'Keep your —— head down, Borden!'" I said to Sir Robert, "I know what you are saying, sir, but I can take no notice as you don't say it out loud."

We were entertained after the match by Sir Robert at the Club, and greatly enjoyed ourselves.

This reminds me of a story told about me and a certain bunker at Machrihanish called Hell, and for a wonder it is a true story. I had, unfortunately, got into that bunker, and with a skill unexpected by the old caddy, got out. "I think, Bishop," he said, "*I should take that niblick with you when you die!*" Whether the old fellow had heard it before or not, he certainly said it to me,

and the story went all round the golf links of Scotland. I emphasize the fact that it was one of the few authentic ones because I have been the victim of not a few stories which really relate to other people.

A very distinguished lady told me that the Chaplain-General had gone up to a company of French troops during the War, held up his hand and said "*Blessez vous !*" This was before I went to the front at all, but when I came back from going down the line in France in 1915, this story was told *everywhere* of me, although I had never seen any French troops at all, and had only addressed English. I dare say it was equally untrue of the Chaplain-General.

Talking of stories told against me, there was one which really annoyed me for five minutes, but I soon got over it. It was my privilege to take the Archbishop of Canterbury in my motor to the Guildhall Banquet, when his own car was at Canterbury, but naturally, when I had arrived I was anxious that he (not I) should have the place of honour in going *last* in walking through the assembled guests up to the Lord Mayor. Unfortunately, there was a new man announcing the names on one occasion who did not know us from one another, and when I appeared, in a loud and strident voice, he shouted "*His Grace, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury !*" I hastily stepped forward and said in a hurried whisper, "Not yet, not yet !" — meaning that the Archbishop was to come later. But in the paper next day I was horrified to see the following account of the incident :

"The Bishop of London was announced last

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night as the Archbishop of Canterbury, but, quite undisturbed, his lordship went forward with a sweet smile, saying to himself, ' Not *yet*, not *yet* ! ' And when the Archbishop reminds me of this story, he adds, " And you *did* say it, you know ! "

PART III

THE HAWAII ISLANDS, JAPAN, AND
COREA

CHAPTER XV

HONOLULU AND THE RACE QUESTION

TENNIS, golf, sermons, lectures, addresses, dinner-parties, receptions were now over on the American continent, and on Saturday, November 13 (I remember the date for a very good reason), seen off by a crowd of American friends at San Francisco, we shot out of the Golden Gate into the so-called Pacific Ocean.

I find in my Chaplain's log the following entry :

"Ship began to roll a good deal," and again next day,

"Rough weather, wind rising and heavy swell. Bishop sick 10 a.m.—took the service at 11."

I certainly did, but only for the very good reason that there was no one else to do it. Both my companions were in their berths, and when the Purser looked in at 10.20 and asked "would I take the service?" and when he said that there was no one else to do so, I went down and taking my courage in both hands, took the service and preached and no one found out, I heard afterwards, that I had been ill at all. It was the only time I think that I had been actually sea-sick all the way round the world. I was rather amused at a Christian Science lady on board, telling me in confidence afterwards

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that "it was the best Christian Science sermon she had ever heard."

As I am rather well known as an opponent of Christian Science, I was considerably surprised until I remembered that the subject of my sermon was "The nearness of God," and this is, of course, one of those great truths that we have in common with Christian Scientists.

And here I should like to say that, as a Missionary Bishop, I look upon those services on board ship as a great opportunity. All classes and often all creeds come to them having nothing much to do on board ship, and if what you say at all touches people, you certainly have the most interesting conversations and even talks on most vital matters with those on board afterwards who are glad to find some one approachable at hand to talk over with them subjects which have been difficulties to them for years.

Having been given by Mr. Robert Dollar the royal suite on the *President Wilson*, and the royal suite being actually on the main deck, anyone could walk into my luxurious cabin and speak to me without going through the ship at all, and many friends did I make in this way on board. This applies more or less to all the fourteen ships on which we travelled, and if I have not done so already, I should like to express my gratitude to Mr. Robert Dollar who saw me through to Hong Kong, to the Japanese Company who took me from Hong Kong to Singapore as their guest, and to the Dutch Line which conveyed me also as their guest past Java to Australia.

A really delightful break in the otherwise rather

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dreary journey from San Francisco to Yokohama, which lasts sixteen days, is the day spent at Honolulu. As you approach, the beautiful island stands out on the horizon, and when you arrive you find that it really is an earthly Paradise.

In *Some World Problems* I have pointed out the wonderful way in which no less than seven nations live happily together, showing that the Colour problem *can* be got over with a little Christian charity and goodwill. If there are two nations which might be supposed never to be likely to get on together, it would be the Chinese and Japanese, and yet as I walked back from a great luncheon-party given by Mrs. Lowry—the Lady Bountiful of the island—I had the Chinese and the Japanese Chaplain one on each side of me, and they told me that they worked in the place as *brothers*.

The welcome you receive in this earthly Paradise is in accordance with its beauty. Garlands are hung round your neck and you are made to feel yourself the honoured guest of the island.

Although it makes you feel a little awkward with three garlands round your neck, when you have never had even one before, it is symbolical of the spirit of Honolulu. The loud cries of “Aloha, Aloha ” (Welcome, welcome) are something more than a mere convention. It makes one ask the question why there should be this eternal suspicion between nation and nation, when God has made of *one blood* every nation upon earth.

The League of Nations has already stopped five wars, repatriated 1,000,000 prisoners of war, set on their legs (with the help of the Bank of England) three bankrupt nations of Europe, and inaugurated

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joint efforts of all nations against the spread of diseases, the White Slave Traffic and excessive hours of labour.

The sight of Honolulu, even with the strong American Naval base, necessary for a time no doubt until some agreement about armaments has been arrived at, makes one ask the question whether with a little more faith and courage peace on earth might not be something more than a possibility.

For a long time, Hawaii, though independent, was on specially friendly terms with Great Britain, and an English Bishop (Willis) began all the English Church work there, but when the Hawaii Islands were annexed by the Americans, naturally an American Bishop took his place, and the beautiful Cathedral has been completed by him.

We received a hearty welcome from the present Bishop (La Mothe) and our visit concluded appropriately with a service in the Cathedral.

But Honolulu is such a specially interesting place that I think my readers would like to learn a little more about it. It is interesting first of all from its history, and then for the special problems which it has somehow to solve.

First with regard to its *history*, you may divide the history of the Hawaii Islands into four periods. That wonderful man Captain Cook, whom you get to admire the more you see of the world, discovered the islands in 1778, when he reckoned the population to be 400,000 people. He was murdered in a fracas with the natives on the second visit in the subsequent year. It was most unfortunate, as he was always most kind and considerate to the natives whom he visited, but even at that time, they



HONOLULU.

The view from the famous Tazz.

were not; like the Maories of New Zealand, cannibals. "We killed him but we did not eat him," they said, and his remains, obtained with great difficulty from the Chiefs, were honourably buried at sea by his comrades. Then followed about forty years, during which King Kamahaha ("the Great," as he was called) aided enormously by a man named Young, the English boatswain of the *Eleanora*, who was detained in 1790 in consequence of another fracas, and Davis, the only other member of the crew who was spared, practically established his dominion over all the islands. Every navigator (including Vancouver, who gave the name to the Vancouver Island which we know so well), speaks of the great influence for good of Young and Davis. Young was made Governor of Hawaii, and was with the King when he died. It was wonderful that these two ordinary young men should have risen to the occasion in the way they did.

Vancouver, who was a Churchman, spoke to the King often on his three visits, in 1792, 1793 and 1794, of the folly of idolatry, and of the one true God. He promised to send missionaries from England, but he never seems to have been able to fulfil his promise. The natives, however, never forgot it. They were always looking across to England for help, and even at the close of this first period of forty years, they were nervous of receiving the missionaries from America until assured by the friends they trusted that they were really bringing the same religion.

The coming of the American missionaries in 1820 inaugurated the next period of Hawaii his-

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tory. From being called the Sandwich Islands (after Lord Sandwich) they were called the Hawaiian Islands, and naturally, under the splendid work of the American missionaries, Puritans and Calvinists as they were, drew more and more under American influence.

Altogether during the forty years, the American Board sent out 140 missionaries and spent 1,000,000 dollars. They learned the language and reduced it to writing, but the teaching had to be done in English, and in three months the King was reading the New Testament in English. They established schools for the children, and within fifteen years there were 500 schools and 50,000 pupils. These earlier schools were named training schools, and the pupils learnt not only agriculture, but carpentering, cooking, blacksmithing, sewing, painting, and even copper-plate engraving.

It is an interesting thing that this splendid bit of missionary work reacted upon America, for Booker Washington, the great negro educator, was taught by a General Armstrong, and this general was the son of an Hawaiian missionary.

But their efforts were not confined to the individual ; they bred animals, made roads, and became in turn masons, carpenters, physicians, stockbreeders, surveyors, nurses and peacemakers.¹

An attempt has been made to blacken the characters of these missionaries by the accusation that they stole the land from the natives, but although it is the fact that many of the sons of the missionaries became rich, especially when the sugar con-

¹ The Rev. A. W. Palmer, *The Human Side of Hawaii*, Chapter 15.

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vention with America was made in 1876, they only did so by legitimate trade, and Hawaiian landowners were having a rent roll in 1894 of 30,000 dollars a year, in the books of one manager alone.

Still, no doubt, the extreme puritanical view of amusements taken by the early missionaries and the bareness of their places of worship, made it necessary for worship of a brighter nature to be introduced later, and when in 1860 the American Board had reported that their work was completed, the next forty years was inaugurated by the arrival of the Anglican missionaries, who had been invited over by Kamahaha IV and his beloved Queen Emma, who was so kindly received in 1863 by Queen Victoria in England.

The next forty years was a time of reaction. The population of the Hawaiian Islands had gone down to 57,000 in 1872. The good Queen Emma and her husband had been succeeded by a set of rascals, and a wholly new series of problems had been brought into the islands by masses of Japanese, Chinese, and Filipinos, who had crowded in to supply the needed labour for the sugar industry, and in all probability it was the best thing that could have happened to the group of beautiful islands when they were annexed by the United States in 1898.

We have now had thirty years of the fourth stage of the history of Hawaii, and that brings us to the interesting problem which Honolulu may solve for the whole world. To understand it one must realize what the population of the islands is to-day.

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American, British, German, Russian, not including Army and Navy	35,774
Japanese	120,590
Chinese	23,714
Korean	5,604
Filipino	36,199
Hawaiian	21,468
Asiatic Hawaiians	7,374
Caucasian Hawaiians	12,514
Portuguese	26,397
Porto Rican	6,375
Spanish	2,105
Others	402
Total	298,516

I suppose it would be impossible to imagine in a small space so many different nations collected together. Are they *bound* to fight? Or is there anything in the assertion of Scripture that "God made of *one blood* every nation upon earth"?

The success of the League of Nations at Geneva may depend upon what happens to this "League of Nations" in the midst of the Pacific. The greatest difficulty no doubt is from the very large numbers of the Japanese (120,590), which certainly is a very large proportion. They do not intermarry with other nations, and are having a rather warm dispute with the United States over their "language schools."

These schools, organized and supported by the Japanese themselves, though aided by the plantations, took the Japanese children before and after the public school hours, and taught them the Japanese language, history and other subjects. Many of these schools were under Buddhist control. In line with the general American awakening about

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foreign language schools, which resulted from the War, a movement developed to abolish the language schools by law, but a compromise has now been arrived at by placing the language schools under the Board of Education, reducing the hours, and requiring all language school-teachers to take courses and pass examinations in American history and ideals and institutions, and in the English language.

The self-respect of the Japanese has been thus preserved, and yet their educational teachers are instructed in vital American principles.

I have gone in some detail into this, as it is an example of how a really dangerous cause of friction can be dealt with.

The double citizenship is another difficulty. Japanese children registered at the country's Consulate are liable to be called up to fight for Japan, but all this time they are full-fledged native-born American citizens.

I have spoken about Japan in relation to America, but naturally the relations of other nations with one another are not without their difficulties.

On the whole, however, it is wonderful how well they get on together—Chinese, Hawaiians and Filipinos freely intermarry, and whether it is the climate or the basis of Christianity on which the history of Hawaii has been built up, there is a spirit of friendliness and mutual tolerance in Hawaii which is an example to the world.

Mrs. Lowry's delightful luncheon-party of some thirty people comprised three or four nations, and as I have already related, the Chinese and Japanese

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padres walked away with me, so to speak, “ arm in arm.”

My own belief is that the idea that nations of different tradition and colour *must* hate one another is proved to be a delusion in Hawaii. “ Aloya ! ” “ Aloya ! ” is the spirit of the place, and if only we can keep alive the original Christian Gospel, taught even by the simple boatswain of the *Eleanora* 150 years ago, reinforced by the American Calvinists, and carried on now by Anglicans, Roman Catholics and other denominations, we may see in this little earthly Paradise of Natural Beauty a “ beauty of holiness ” which will astonish the world.

CHAPTER XVI

THREE WEEKS IN JAPAN

I SEE by my Chaplain's log how stormy and unpleasant some of the days were before we reached Japan, but one gets so accustomed to take the rough with the smooth in so long a journey that I had really forgotten all about it. Moreover, we had all shaken down together so well on board ship, our chief friends being a Mr. and Mrs. Walker, American missionaries in Shanghai, whom we subsequently met there on arrival, that my recollection of that particular voyage was a pleasant one although we were all glad to see Yokohama heave into sight at the end of it.

YOKOHAMA

Yokohama is still a very sad sight and on the great bluffs on the left as you enter the harbour, instead of fine houses where all the élite of the town used to live, you see the holes where the houses stood before the great earthquake flung them all over the cliff. The church went over like a pack of cards. We heard stories of the most wonderful escapes ; one of the Japanese Christian priests was buried under the ruins of his church, though subsequently recovered. The Greek Archbishop, who received us later at Tokyo, was pulled back by one

of his deacons just in time before the tower of his church fell, and Yokohama was still full of the heroism of the Rev. Eustace Strong, the English Chaplain, who had saved so many by his courage at the time of the earthquake. I remember his telling me on his first visit to England after the tragedy that a little American boy, terribly wounded, as he carried him to a ship, said, " I mustn't cry, I am a boy scout ! " The little chap died shortly afterwards—I think, the next day—but he died a hero.

On arrival (as we approached Fujiyama stood out clear and wonderful) we were met by the tall Bishop in Kobe (Simpson), who was in charge of all our arrangements in Japan, and we went straight to stay at Tokyo (half an hour by train) with the hospitable English Ambassador, Sir John Tilley ; but I am narrating now what we saw on a subsequent day at Yokohama, when we returned to pay it a proper visit.

Nothing can exceed the courage and sacrifice with which the people are repairing their houses and starting life again. We went all over the bluff and found a school already started and the beginnings of a church, and had tea in the house of a wealthy resident, which had been badly knocked about but not completely destroyed. We saw the church which had fallen on the priest partially rebuilt, the brave priest superintending the rebuilding of it. They all seemed quite certain that there would not be such an earthquake again for at least eighty years, and are endeavouring to build the houses in such a way that they will not fall down as they did before ; let us hope and pray that their hopes will be fulfilled.

THREE WEEKS IN JAPAN

TOKYO

My recollections of our visit to Japan are very vivid, as the whole experience was entirely new to me. I had been in Canada and the United States before, and knew, therefore, pretty well what to expect, but I had no sort of idea of what to expect in Japan.

My first experience of sitting upon my heels and eating with chopsticks was at Zushi after a service in St. Peter's Church for the Japanese clergy and workers of the South Tokyo Diocese. It was a difficult job to get any food down at first, and I am bound to say that to me it did not look very appetizing when you did get hold of some, but the thoughtful padre in charge had put three large sandwiches behind my back, so that, when no one was looking, I could get hold of something which I could eat. This—though not playing the game—saved the situation.

The very fact that we *did* have at this little church, a *Japanese* luncheon, shows how anxious our clergy and workers are to have a real Japanese native Church, and not a European Church with European ways planted down in Japan. There are two Japanese Bishops already, Bishop Motoda,¹ who is Bishop in Tokyo, as well as the American Bishop (McKim) who has been there for years and is greatly respected, and another Japanese Bishop (Naide), whom we met subsequently in Osaka.

Every day in Japan had to me a wonderful interest. I will go back for the time to the diary form of narrative.

November 29th. We arrived and were enter-

¹ I regret to say that since my visit Bishop Motoda has died.

tained on arrival by the hospitable Bishop McKim, who gave a dinner-party in our honour.

Owing to a little mistake over getting the luggage (25 packages) from Yokohama to Tokyo, some of the party only arrived at the end of dinner.

November 30th (St. Andrew's Day). A sacred day to me as the anniversary of my consecration twenty-nine years before—we began, of course, with a celebration in St. Andrew's Church, where Bishop Basil (as Bishop Simpson in Kobe is now called) celebrated. We then visited the Sisters of the Epiphany and the St. Hilda's School for girls, who do the most wonderful embroidery. At 10.30 I met Bishop Motoda with his Japanese clergy and gave them an address. We then saw Mr. Murray Walton's system of getting articles into Japanese papers, so putting the Christian case before the Japanese public once a week.

Then followed a most interesting luncheon-party given by Prince Tokogawa, who is President of the House of Peers of Japan and a direct descendant of that great family of Shoguns who, from 1603 to 1869 (when the Shogunate was abolished), were the rivals of the Mikado himself in the government of the country. To be honoured by luncheon in his official residence was, I believe, an almost unique event ; and I had the additional honour of being regarded, not as myself, but as representative of His Majesty King George V. All the leading statesmen of Japan were present ; the luncheon (entirely European in character) was beyond praise ; and I am informed that the wines were the most exquisite that any connoisseur could wish to find upon his palate.

THREE WEEKS IN JAPAN

It was most interesting to talk to these leading men of Japan who nearly all spoke excellent English, and hear their views about things in general, and especially about the friendship with our country, which they look upon still as a great ally.

After this we adjourned to St. Andrew's church rooms again, where Bishop McKim gave a great reception to all Americans and British in Tokyo to meet us, and after the reception we all went into the church itself, where I preached to a very mixed congregation of all denominations. I then baptized an English baby by special request of the parents, and finished in time to get into my dress clothes to attend a great dinner given at the British Embassy in our honour, where we had an opportunity of meeting the Japanese ladies as well as gentlemen of the highest rank. I took in the Viscountess Okabe, Mistress of the Robes and wife of the Lord Chamberlain (who was representing the Imperial House), and sat next to another lady of the highest rank who had been a fervent Christian for twenty-five years.

Altogether, as may be seen, it was a pretty full day for the twenty-ninth anniversary of my consecration.

On Wednesday, December 1, took place the visit to Yokohama to see its restoration which I have already related, and the Japanese luncheon, which took place at Zushi some miles beyond Yokohama, and the day ended by a dinner at the Tokyo Club given by the British Society, at which Sir John Tilley, the Ambassador, took the chair.

The next day we caught the early train to Nikko, and, so to speak, "did" our Nikko.

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

Everybody who goes to Japan goes to Nikko, and as we went into the hotel for lunch, three-quarters of the guests rose up with outstretched hands. They had been our fellow-voyagers on the *President Wilson* and were also doing their Nikko. The great attraction of Nikko is of course the wonderful Buddhist temples—one of the sights of the world—but as they are described in every guide-book to Japan, I will only say that they were not disappointing in any way, as sights of which you have heard so much sometimes are.

The Americans had a nice stone Episcopal Church at Nikko, which it is very essential to have, as many from all over Japan come to Nikko for their holidays, it being (quite apart from the temples) in one of the most beautiful parts of Japan.

We slept that night in the comfortable hotel and on December 3 returned to Tokyo, where I had the honour at twelve of being presented to the Crown Prince, now the Emperor of Japan. This was a very unusual honour, as presentations to the Royal Family, who have a semi-divine character in the minds of the Japanese, are very rarely granted. It had been arranged by the tact and courtesy of Sir John Tilley.

Bishop Reifschneider gave us lunch, although I arrived rather late from the Reception at the Palace, and I then addressed the students of the University in the open air, and immediately afterwards the Theological students in their College Chapel. The establishment of the Theological College next door to the University is one result of Bishop McKim's lifelong work in Tokyo.

I then visited the Greek Archbishop (Sergi),



ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLES OF IEYASU'S TOMB.
NIKKO, JAPAN.

THREE WEEKS IN JAPAN

who was so nearly killed in the earthquake, and we heard some lovely Russian music in his church, and then went on to the St. Luke's American Hospital, which is doing a wonderful work in setting a standard before all Tokyo of what a hospital ought to be. Here I addressed the nurses and students, and after tea with the excellent doctor (Teasler) went to the Hahec Hall, where I found an immense Japanese audience and spoke to them of the League of Nations—another rather full day.

On December 4 we left Tokyo, seen off by the Ambassador, Bishop McKim and his assistant Bishop, Bishop Reifschneider, Bishop Motoda and the Prince who had entertained us at the House of Peers, and many others, and started on our long journey of 360 miles to Kobe. There were three things which have stamped themselves on my memory during that journey : one, the heat of the carriages, which made me realize that there was no good looking for a country with a cold climate to take the surplus population of Japan, a most pressing problem which should be taken in hand at once by the League of Nations ; the next was the entrancing beauty of Mount Fujiyama—a snow mountain of 12,000 feet, which is the sacred mountain of Japan ; and the third was the deputations at every station of Japanese Christians who came to meet us with flags, and when it got darker, with lanterns.

Bishop Basil had informed each station at what time we should be passing in the train, and although the train often only stayed a few minutes there was time to get out, say a few words with Bishop Basil as an interpreter, and give them my blessing before the train went on. It was one of those encouraging

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signs how slowly but surely the Christian religion is spreading in Japan, and that apparently with the entire goodwill of the population. I have quoted elsewhere what I was told, that when there was some talk a little time ago of withdrawing the English Missions from want of financial support, first the Police, then the Government sent messengers to say they hoped they would not be withdrawn, as they greatly valued their influence in the country.

Bishop Basil had spent several years in Japan as a missionary and is therefore peculiarly effective as a Bishop, as he knows the Japanese language well.

KOBE

We arrived at Kobe in time for a full Sunday's work.

On Sunday, December 5—after celebrating at 8, where there was a very good congregation, I met afterwards a number of our jolly young English people, men and women, at breakfast. I spoke to the Sunday School children after breakfast, and at the Japanese Church Eucharist in the Japanese Church at 10.30, and after seeing the English Padre and lady workers, preached to the American and British community in All Saints' Church at 6 p.m.

What was a great surprise to me was the number of British residents at a place like Kobe, a place of which I only had the vaguest conception before I left England. It had been said by some at home that the Bishop had had a good time in Canada and British Columbia but that now he had come to a heathen country they must specially pray for

THREE WEEKS IN JAPAN

him. This was touchingly true and I was more grateful than I can say for the many prayers which were offered on my behalf, but the very select set of well-to-do Church people who entertained me one night had read this and professed to believe that it was *they* who were the danger, so they naughtily sent me a wire when I was on my way to Shanghai, "God speed you on your way—from *your Kobe Heathen!*"

Besides this very select dinner-party in a private house, I was entertained on a larger scale by the whole community of Kobe at a dinner-party at which some seventy or eighty were present. At that dinner-party I came across the standing tragedy of the life in the Far East, both in the civil service and in the business world, and that is the separation of parents from their children.

I sat between one man, whose daughter did not know him when he arrived back in England, and a mother who would not see her children for four years. She said that she had almost to court her children's affections again during the brief furlough. "The children themselves settled down fairly happily with 'Grannie' or 'Auntie,' but where did the parents come in?" I found exactly the same difficulty at Shanghai, Hong Kong, Singapore and even Colombo, though of course that town is so much nearer home.

After visiting all the Churches and Missions in Kobe on December 6, we started for Kyoto, where another American Bishop (Nichols) resides. We saw the old castle of the Shoguns, and some very large Buddhist temples, did a great deal of shopping for Christmas presents for England, for Kyoto is

the old capital of Japan, and did what we could to back up the Church there, and on December 8 we went to Osaka, a city of two millions, the sixth largest city in the world, and were received by Bishop Naide, the other Japanese Bishop, and the Governor, Mr. Nakagawa.

At Osaka I watched a marvellous display of wrestling by schoolboys at a Japanese school run by the C.M.S., and from there visited the famous Gamjins monastery which contains an enormous gilded bronze statue of the Goddess of Power, known as the Goddess of the Thousand-and-One Hands on account of the hands which appear (symbols of power, of course) from every part of her person.

Osaka presents many problems, but what struck me most was the high infant mortality. Sixty-seven out of every 100 infants die under one year old, whereas only seven die in Philadelphia. With all due respect to the kind and courteous Japanese, some way will be found to remedy this, when Japan becomes Christian, so also the haunts of vice will no longer be licensed any more than they were allowed to be in Singapore.

But I hasten on to describe a piece of work which though not visited until after my visit to Corea, logically comes into the account of Japan, I mean the leper hospital at Kumamoto carried on for thirty years by a devoted Englishwoman, Miss Riddell. Of all my recollections of Japan the most touching will always be the baptism of eight lepers in the beautiful chapel of what is a true home. There are 20,000 lepers in that island alone, and of course the seventy-five in the home



THE LARGEST IMAGE OF BUDDA IN THE
WORLD. KOBE.

THREE WEEKS IN JAPAN

seem like a drop in the ocean, but it is the spirit and conduct of the home which is an object-lesson to the whole of Japan. With characteristic generosity, the Japanese have shown their appreciation of Miss Riddell's work by granting her a pension, but a far greater compliment has been that hospitals in imitation of *her* hospital have been started by the Government.

But alas ! it is the spirit of the home which it is so hard to reproduce. The spirit which pervades the home is the quintessence of Christianity, and while no doubt skilled doctors will do their best (as indeed I saw an excellent Australian doctor doing with 600 lepers in Malaya), yet these Christian women have a power and influence all their own. At the baptism service all the seventy-five lepers were present and sang the service, and I hope very much that any readers of this book will send any help they can to Miss Riddell at Kumamoto. She will forgive my mentioning what she told me herself that she is over 70, and the work should be endowed, and placed upon a permanent basis.

CHAPTER XVII

MORE ABOUT JAPAN

I HAVE endeavoured in the last chapter to give a bird's-eye view of what I am afraid must be called rather a "rush" through Japan, but there are several points on which I should like to enlarge before I leave the subject of Japan.

THE EARTHQUAKE

The earthquake is one of those points, and of course I heard some accounts from some eye-witnesses, but the reason that I heard less than I should otherwise have done is that nearly all our workers and missionaries were away during that time of the year for their holidays, and therefore very little more was added to my knowledge than I had gathered from taking the Chair for the late Chaplain, Mr. Strong, when he gave an account of it to the American Ladies' Club in London, and when, I am not ashamed to say, I found the tears running down my cheeks at his graphic story.

You can hardly imagine anything more like what possibly the end of the world will be than this sudden catastrophe, which happened at midday on a Saturday, when crowds were leaving their offices for their Saturday half-holiday.

A great steamer was leaving for Vancouver ;

just such a steamer I have described as entering Vancouver Harbour in nine and a half days from Japan. People's hands were stretched down grasping the hands of their friends, when in a flash hundreds were thrown into the water, and the ship itself had to steam off to avoid the flames which almost immediately broke out. Mr. Strong, with an Englishman's modesty, made little of his own exploits, but they were largely directed to saving the lives of hundreds who were in the hospital, letting them down a cliff to a place of comparative safety. I have already described his carrying the little boy sent on to the ship, to save his life ; but the mother of that boy lost not only him but *all* her other children and her husband. She was brought down to Fulham that I might give her a word of comfort.

The flames which seem the invariable accompaniment of a great earthquake followed the unfortunate people even when they got into the sea to escape them, and nearly every church and missionary building was burnt to the ground—a terrible start for the new Japanese Bishop, who had just begun his work. However, the whole calamity brought out the patience and courage of the Japanese nation, and won them the sympathy of the whole world, and with indomitable pluck, both at Yokohama and at Tokyo, they are repairing the ravages of the great earthquake, and facing life again as if it had never happened.

Even as I write, we hear of another great calamity, affecting two places which I visited, Kyoto and Kumamoto, and once again testing the endurance of that much-tried people.

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

NEW METHODS OF EVANGELIZING

Another point which wants illuminating is Mr. Murray Walton's effort to get the Gospel message before the eyes of the ordinary Japanese teachers by the use of the Press. He has an office of his own, and finds that the intelligent Press of Japan is only too willing to print readable articles from a Christian point of view, and to insert notices of church functions or of any form of Christian effort which they think will interest their readers. In fact, there is no opposition to the spread of Christian teaching in Japan—a very different state of things to when, some centuries ago, the first Christian missionaries were put to death. I think it is partly due to their great respect for Great Britain. They were very proud of their alliance with her, and in spite of the formal alliance being over, still look on the island kingdom the other side of the world as their very good friends. They know that the Christian religion is the official religion of Great Britain (however imperfectly we may live up to it) and they are sharp enough to see that it has been the real secret of our standing and influence in the world, and therefore, though Buddhism is the current religion of Japan, they have no sort of objection to our putting our faith before the nation, and persuading any who may wish to join us ; hence the success of this new experiment.

“THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH OF JAPAN”

Another experiment which has been a great success is the joining of all branches of the “Anglican Communion” (to use again the awkward

MORE ABOUT JAPAN

phrase) which started from Great Britain, the United States and Canada, into *one* Japanese church, called the "Nippon Sei Kokwai" or the Holy Catholic Church of Japan. Of course the Roman Catholics, according to their principles, cannot join it, nor the great Nonconformist bodies, but it has been a great thing to get *some* unity by joining the branches of our own church into one, and by appointing already two Japanese Bishops, to make the Japanese realize that we want it to be a real *Japanese* church. They are in Japan extremely national, and the sooner we can make the whole church a really Japanese effort, and gracefully retire from the scene, the better, but the Japanese would be the first to ask us not to do that at present. It was the mistake made, as I have pointed out in the chapter on Honolulu, by the American Board of Missions. They left in 1860, undoubtedly *too soon*, before the Hawaiians were ready to manage themselves.

Nothing could be more harmonious now than the way in which the English, American, Canadian and Japanese Bishops get on together, and their converts pass from one Diocese to another all over Japan, and find the same Church to greet them, though undoubtedly, there are differences of method of worship and ritual, as there are in our own country.

THE LEPER HOSPITAL AT KUMAMOTO

Another point I should like to elaborate a little more is Miss Riddell's splendid effort at Kumamoto. I had always pictured a leper settlement as almost a complete "picture of misery and depres-

sion," but it was the last thing this Christian hospital at Kumamoto was. Miss Riddell's house was about a mile away, charmingly furnished in Japanese style, and when, after luncheon there, we drove up to the hospital, we found that the lepers had erected an arch of welcome : " Welcome to the Bishop of London," and were all drawn up to receive me with honour. They probably knew that I was an old friend of Miss Riddell's, and had backed up the hospital for many years. Prominent among the small Japanese was one tall American who had been there for years. After receiving me with this honour, they then dispersed to their rooms, all of which are open to the fresh air, and therefore I was able to go round and have a little conversation with them all, with Miss Riddell as an interpreter. I saw the lawn-tennis court where they play, but it was too cold or wet (I forget which) to have a game, which they had wished me to join in, and after tea for the friends and supporters of the hospital, we adjourned to the lovely chapel where, as I have described in the previous chapter, we had one of the most touching services in which I have ever taken part. We had a shortened Evensong, and then the baptismal service, at which eight lepers were baptized. Of course, I did not hesitate to touch them in baptizing them (as our Lord had touched the lepers) and this I think pleased them, as nothing is more hurting than feeling you are cut off from human touch. But what struck me so much was the quiet happiness which the influence of a good Christian woman and her tender care has introduced into the " Home," for it is a Home. Remember, these people, by the

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fact of their leprosy, are instantly and entirely *cut off*, however rich and well-born they may be, from their kith and kin. They are like the lepers in the Bible, having to say "Unclean ! Unclean !" And it is a wonderful change of sentiment which has now led to the establishment of leper hospitals, due, I have little doubt, to the wonderful courage and tact and skill of one Christian woman, belonging to one of our best English families, who has devoted her life to this work for so long. It will be an eternal disgrace, not only to the Church of England, but to the whole Christian community, both in America and Great Britain, if her work in Japan is allowed to fail, or is not carried on, when she is unable any longer to carry it on herself.

CHAPTER XVIII

COREA

WE ran up for the week-end to Corea. It was a bit of a run for a week-end, as it was 300 miles to the port (Shimonoseki), 176 miles by sea during the night (on a specially constructed Japanese vessel, which is the fastest in the world), and 300 miles next day by train to Seoul, but it simply *had* to be done. My old friend the Bishop (Trollope) had often asked me to come out and see with my own eyes the Korean Mission of which I had spoken so often at the Annual Meeting, and of which I had for twenty years taken the Chair.

Moreover, the Mission was started in quite a romantic way by Bishop Corfe, who secured the interest of the Royal Navy in his hospital work. Then an old Keble friend of mine, Bishop Turner, had given his life for the Mission and died at his post, and now Bishop Trollope in his turn has "crocked up" for a time and gone home ill, and therefore it was "up to me" as Chairman of the Mission to get up to Corea, and back up the men who were holding the fort until the new Assistant Bishop (Embling) could arrive.

Saluted as usual at the wayside stations by groups of converts, and accompanied by Bishop

Basil, who had worked in Corea as well as Japan, we arrived late on Saturday night at Seoul to find twenty-five degrees of frost (it had been much more). I told Bishop Trollope when I saw him this summer in London that I really thought his bedroom was the coldest bedroom I had ever struck in the world. However, by lighting an enormous stove, we got warmth enough into it to enable me to sleep, and I believe the other lucky beggars had a fire under their floors.

I need not say that we received a delightful welcome from Father Drake who had been there thirty years and was in charge of the diocese, and from the other English priests who had come in from the surrounding districts to welcome us. At 8 a.m., with frozen feet and hands, next morning in the Cathedral (where I discovered that the Churchwarden—a Corean, of course—had been educated at Haileybury), which was very beautiful but in which we had not been able to afford a heating apparatus, I addressed at the Church Eucharist about 300 Coreans. They looked a little strange at first with their little top-hats perched on their heads, but they were all intensely earnest. Later on in the day I saw the Japanese Christians and was presented with a screen and then addressed the Corean representatives. In the afternoon I visited the St. Peter's, Kilburn, Sisterhood of which I am visitor and met the Corean sub-deacons at tea. After Evensong in the Crypt Chapel to which all the British and American community came, the country Corean priests arrived from the surrounding districts and we had a great supper with English and Corean priests mixed up together. The

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Corean diocese badly needs five more priests at once under thirty years of age.

Next day (Monday, December 13), at 8, I gave an address to the assembled clergy, English and Corean, was received by the Japanese Governor (Viscount Saito) at Government House at 10, visited the great Presbyterian College at 11, and was entertained at luncheon by the British and American community at 1.

After a bit of a walk in the afternoon we had a very cheerful reception at the Bishop's House at 4, Evensong at 6.15, a dinner with the English and Corean priests at 7.30 and caught the 9.50 p.m. train back to Japan.

Altogether a pretty full week-end, but well worth doing.

Our Mission is small compared to the great Roman Catholic and Presbyterian Missions on both sides, but with its beautiful Cathedral just consecrated, it is showing the Corean people the beauty of holiness as understood by us of the English Church, beauty not only of architecture and ceremonial but beauty of the devoted lives of the men and women by whom it is carried on.

I believe that many people think that Corea is an island, and in a way they are not far wrong. It is extremely isolated, and is absolutely different from either China or Japan. The queer little top-hats which they wear stamp them off as a peculiar people, and if you saw a Corean you could not imagine for a moment that he was either a Chinese or a Japanese. I think it might fairly be argued—why spend so much time and money in converting such an out-of-the-way people when there

are other more promising fields nearer at hand. But in a great world-wide warfare such as mission work truly is, there are such things as strategic points, and Corea is such a point, from a missionary point of view.

There is a large Roman Catholic Mission there, and a great number of Presbyterians, each of whom number about 100,000 adherents. Our own Mission was started, as I have said, by Bishop Corfe, with the backing of the Royal Navy. It only numbers at present 5,000 converts, but it is a useful "liaison officer" between the other two bodies.

It is worked upon definite Church lines, and gives the people that beauty of worship and sacramental teaching for which they are longing in their difficult lives. For that reason we have built there a really beautiful Cathedral, and although, as I have mentioned, it was terribly cold on the occasion of my visit, we hope in time to have everything in it which is essential for a truly dignified worship.

The Eastern people love ceremonial and have plenty of their own, and from our Anglican point of view it is a sad pity if they *must* become Roman Catholics to get it.

Sir Claud Severn, who so long was Colonial Secretary in Hong Kong, told me that he thought our Corean Mission was a really model mission for the East. It means very hard work for the men themselves. They are only paid a little pocket money besides their keep, and have to tramp huge distances over the country. I believe it is those long tramps which have strained the heart of Bishop Trollope, and worn out Bishop Turner.

A writer in the *Catholic Times* of September 23 complains that in *Some World Problems* I have left out an account of Roman Catholic Missions, but that is only because in the short time at my disposal I naturally had to direct my time mainly towards work carried on by our own Church, but, before I read this criticism, I had already mentioned that the Roman Catholics have won more converts than we have, and indeed, no one would deny the splendid devotion and efficiency of Roman Catholic Missions throughout the world. It is inspiring the way their missionaries live and die at their posts. I talked with three young priests on their way to China, and not one of them had the slightest hope or intention of ever returning home; they had made, one told me, the great renunciation when they became priests.

Bishop Trollope is great friends with the Roman Catholic Bishop or Archbishop in Seoul, and there well may be no jealousy or rivalry between Christian workers, as all the Missions put together can only claim 250,000 converts, and there are ten or eleven millions in Corea.

Another difficulty which mission work in Corea has to face is the rather natural unpopularity of Japan as the governing and conquering race with the conquered Coreans, and yet no one can deny the much increased efficiency with which everything is carried on now that the clever Japanese have taken the country in hand. The train service is most efficient, and you could not have a more comfortable journey than from the port at which you land to Seoul itself, a distance of about 300 miles. When Lord Northcliffe asked the Coreans

if they could have done it as well, they said "Yes." He merely replied, "Then why didn't you?" And of course the dear old-fashioned Koreans would probably have done nothing of the sort if they had been left to themselves.

Be that as it may, it is not to be expected that efficiency leads to popularity. No one can deny that from a material point of view we have done wonders in India, but are we really loved? Or again, are the Southern Irish *devoted* to us?

It is not to be wondered at then that the Japanese are not popular in Corea. However, I am sure they do their best, as you could not find a more kindly old gentleman than the great Japanese Governor-General (Viscount Saito) who asked us specially to come and see him. I was asked what I said to him and he to me, but it was a very short though very courteous interview, during which we exchanged a few amiable sentiments and then came away. I have just unpacked some beautiful presents he has sent me.

But I have not explained yet why Corea is such an important strategic centre. It is just because of its position, and its connection with China on the one hand and Japan on the other. If you really could get that nation permanently Christian you would have a sort of spiritual "Singapore base" from which to act upon both great nations.

As I have said, we do not neglect the Japanese who are resident in Corea, and we have a special Mission for them. Many of them, of course, will return to Japan, and if they can return as sound and faithful members of the Christian Church, they

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will be of great use in building up the Nippon Sei Kokwai of which we spoke in the last chapter.

I have returned to take my part as Chairman of the Korean Mission with increased knowledge of its working and increased belief in its efficiency.

PART IV
CHINA

CHAPTER XIX

SHANGHAI AND THE UNREST IN CHINA

THE *Khiva* (P. & O.) kindly called to pick us up at Shimonoseki, thus saving us the 300 miles' journey back to Kobe, but in spite of the charming English officers and stewards on board, to whom we entrusted some of our Corean-Japanese presents as they were going straight to England, we had an uncomfortable and choppy and chilly voyage to Shanghai. I should explain that we had to come back to Japan from Corea, instead of going through Mukden direct to Peking and then to Shanghai for the very good reason that an army of 120,000 men was lying across the railway and therefore our schedule (pronounced *skedule* in America) would have been put wrong. When I argued the pronunciation of schedule in America, all they replied was—"Then I suppose you pronounce *School*—*Shool*"—which was difficult to answer.

Well! we arrived at Shanghai in two days from Japan and were received by Bishop Molony, Dean Symons, our friend Mr. Walker, who had travelled with us on the *President Wilson*, and some other personal friends of my own, including Lord Addington, who is in business out there. Bishop Graves is the American Bishop in Shanghai, but

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Bishop Molony, who is an Englishman, is having an equally bad time in his diocese which is next door.

All was quite quiet at the time in Shanghai, and I took the opportunity of visiting the spot where the shooting had taken place of which so much was made in the Chinese papers. I happened to meet an eye-witness on the steamer who had been only a few yards off on a tram, at the time, and he told me that the sergeant and seventeen men would undoubtedly have been overwhelmed by the mob of 3,000 people if they had not defended themselves in some way. However, it was a most unfortunate incident and has still left a good deal of bad feeling behind.

Knowing the heavy Sunday in front of us, our friends, one of whom was acting Manager of the British American Tobacco Company (Mr. Napier), and has had a most trying time since and during the strikes, had arranged a game of golf for us—quite the chilliest game I have ever played, with a biting wind catching you off the mud-bank on which Shanghai stands, at every corner. However, we enjoyed it for the exercise, and also for the amusing Chinese caddies which we had. In the evening the hospitable Consul-General, Sir Sidney Barton (afterwards, I regretted to see, captured for a short time by the Chinese when on an errand of mercy), gave us a charming dinner-party. He is the right man in the right place and told us quite frankly that he had not the slightest idea of allowing any foreigners to take possession of the English Concession. At the same time while firm, he is tolerant and tactful and courteous.

Among the guests at dinner that evening was the famous Chinese actor, Mei-Lan-Fang; he takes the woman's part in Chinese plays (since no Chinese woman is allowed on the stage) and I believe receives an enormous salary—he is the “rage” of China, and a most charming fellow into the bargain. Halfway through dinner he disappeared; but when we had all finished he suddenly came into the room in his full stage costume and treated us to a most stirring sword dance, followed by other dances. He gave me his photograph in various costumes—I think I gave him mine at his request.

Sunday, December 19, was a great day. I celebrated, of course, at 8, with quite a good number of communicants, and at 10.30 the place was packed out. My chaplain, who is very musical, puts down in his notes, “Very beautiful service. Splendid Choir and organ,” and I am glad he was able to add “Fine Sermon,” though whether the congregation thought so, I have no means of knowing. All I know was that my heart went out to all those fellow-countrymen and countrywomen so far from home, and that I tried to give them a message in preparation for the coming Christmas.

I was glad to hear, when I got to Hong Kong, from the Dean (Symons) who has held the fort there so well and so long,¹ that they had never had such a Christmas for years, so many to the Communion and so many to Church. So I hope our visit *did* do some good. The two Bishops, Molony and Graves, read the two lessons, and I

¹ I hear, to my great regret, that he has just died. Feb., 1928.
—C. T. L.

baptized a British baby after the service. My chaplain preached at the evening service, and the rest of the day was taken up by entertainments; a luncheon-party at the Deanery, a great reception at the Consul-General's, and a delightful dinner-party at the Liddells', who have been out there a long time, and whose firm is the leading one in Shanghai. They collected all the chief Church people and their families to meet us, and put up Mr. Ormond Blyth for the week-end, a common love of sport and the turf providing both parties, I am sure, with a most enjoyable time.

After dinner we had an interesting lecture by a Mrs. Ayscough on "Life in the Forbidden City in Pekin," with lantern slides, which I was especially glad to hear, as we had had to leave out Pekin.

On Monday, December 20, I visited the Cathedral School for Girls, lunched with Bishop Graves who lives next door to the American University called St. John's, and addressed 450 Chinese students. They have not been without their troubles at this American University, especially since the shooting incident. There was a wave of a strike movement among the students which reduced the numbers considerably, but, as far as I could make out, most of them had come back.

The Principal (Dr. Hawke Pott) had at one time gone in strongly for assimilating himself to Chinese life and customs, had worn a pig-tail and married a Chinese wife, but the wife is dead, and whether he found it a mistake or not, he did not wear a pig-tail when I saw him, and has married for his second wife an American.

Bishop Graves has done a remarkable work in

Shanghai and so has our English Bishop Molony in his diocese next door. He went back after spending his holiday with us, being very anxious about his wife, whom he had left rather unprotected among these warring armies. He was expecting then a pitched battle in his diocese in a few weeks.

In the afternoon I had three good games of squash racquets with my chaplain, most kindly arranged by a Mr. Clear, another well-known resident (and met at the courts two jolly young English officers from the Fleet), called at his house and the Consul-General's to say good-bye, and then we were seen off by a large party on to the *President Lincoln*, a sister ship to the *President Wilson*, which was to take us to Hong Kong.

There was a little "feeling" that it was hardly fair for us to spend two days only at Shanghai and ten days (as we shall see) at its great rival Hong Kong, but, as I explained, it was only a question of steamers. We could not commandeer a steamer at any moment, and as Mr. Robert Dollar had made these kind arrangements with his steamers we had to go by them.

I need not say that I have often thought of and prayed for these kind and generous people in Shanghai who have been through such a trying time since we left, and I was delighted that our Government sent out a strong force to protect them.

The Chinese, like all Orientals, do not understand weakness, or respect it, and were beginning to call us "the paper tigers" because we looked fierce and did nothing.

But, on the other hand, our Government is also

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right to take the conciliatory policy in dealing with China, and offering to re-write anything which can be shown to be unfair or unjust in the treaties, but I have dealt with that in *Some World Problems* and will say nothing more about it here.

I would, however, like to say that, if only certain influences could be got rid of, there is no reason why China and Great Britain should not settle down to trade with each other in perfect peace and amity.

One is the feeling among the more educated Chinese, especially those who have been educated in Europe, that their country has been placed in a humiliating position. It is all very well to tell them that the whole thing has come about from the stupid wrong-headed method of their ancestors, who refused to trade with any foreigners except on most humiliating conditions, but now the boot is on the other leg! If we had Liverpool and Southampton in the hands of foreigners there would be "something said" in England. Of course, here again, this mud-bank on which Shanghai now stands, and the bare rock on which Hong Kong has been built were thrown at our heads as practically worthless possessions, and it is the enterprise and perseverance of foreigners, led by the British, which has made them into the rich cities which they are to-day. To ask to have these rich cities, created by the industry of foreigners, handed back, "lock, stock and barrel," to a most inefficient Chinese Government, is of course an absurd suggestion, but much more might be done to convince the Chinese that all *we* want is to trade fairly and squarely with them, not to inter-

fere with their Government, but to have justice and fair play for our own nationals. They could *not* get fair play under present conditions. They would be under most antiquated Chinese laws, and would probably have the "bow-string" or the bastinado pretty frequently. Besides, from a moral point of view, we could not let our women and children be in any way at the mercy of a Chinese mob. But, short of that, there are ways in which the Chinese *amour propre* might be conciliated and their face saved. They are very keen on not "losing face" in China. By promising to re-write some of the ancient treaties, our Government seems quite inclined to do this, and what we do the other nations will do. We are frequently left to pull the "chestnuts out of the fire," and every one else sits round and enjoys them.

But undoubtedly the situation is still very serious. There is no danger to our women and children so long as the efficient force we have most rightly sent out there remains, but nothing is getting settled. My latest information from Shanghai is that the different armies are still fighting one another. There is no real Government with which to deal, and no one knows when any order is going to come out of this chaos. All this is having the most disastrous effect on trade. Lines of steamers which used to be very profitable, are now run at a dead loss. Many who were growing rich by legitimate trade are very badly hit, and I have no more idea than anyone else what is ultimately going to happen. There are 500 wives and children of missionaries at Chefoo this September when I am writing, and the Bishop is at a loss to

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know what to do with them. The summer bungalows are not suited for winter. The men missionaries are slipping back with or without leave to their posts, but it is not safe yet for the women and children. Our fellow-citizens, and especially the missionaries, who have little money of their own, very greatly need to-day our sympathy and prayers.

CHAPTER XX

CHRISTMAS AT HONG KONG

TWO greater contrasts than Shanghai and Hong Kong, though they are only 500 miles apart, can hardly be imagined, and I lay emphasis on this, as to the ordinary man at home, as indeed I was myself before I started on this tour, they are looked upon as very much the same.

The contrast was not in the affectionate hospitality which could not be greater than it was at Shanghai, but in the climate and the surroundings. You went from a chilly mud-bank to glorious hills and warm sunshine.

I shall never forget when we had passed through the Yellow Sea—and it is yellow—and just escaped grounding on a sandbank, not an inconsiderable danger at the mouth of the Yantze River, waking in the early morning and going on deck to see the approach to Hong Kong. The glorious and famous Peak stands up in the background. With a favourable monsoon behind us which had brought us all the way down, we steamed through the opening and saw the great harbour spread out before our eyes, full not only of ships of our own, men-of-war and merchantmen, but ships of all nations, made all the more picturesque by a huge fishing fleet of Chinese junks with their

large sails which we passed before entering the harbour.

We docked on the third day from Shanghai, and were received by the Senior Chaplain (Copley Moyle), Halward, the Bishop's Chaplain, Johnston, General Luard's A.D.C., and crossed the harbour in the *Rising Sun*—the splendid launch belonging to The Missions to Seamen, which mission is doing successful work in all parts of the world.

Unfortunately the Bishop of Victoria was ill : (Notice you can say *of* Victoria and not *in* on this occasion because Hong Kong is a British possession, and not a Concession like Shanghai), and therefore I stayed with General Luard at the Headquarters House with my chaplain, while the Pollocks kindly put up Mr. Ormond Blyth. It had been reported, I was told, that Mr. Blyth was a particularly peppery old Colonel ; no one could be found to shelter him until Lady Pollock, who is kindness itself, offered to " take him and look after him." I can well imagine the pleasure with which she discovered Mr. Blyth to be the charming and delightful man he is.

The Bishop, though too unwell to receive us, most kindly and bravely gave a dinner-party every night in his house to some section of the community or other and struggled down to it himself. At my suggestion he has taken a furlough this year instead of next and looked quite himself again when I addressed a large gathering of his Victorian Association this summer in London. He badly wants another Archdeacon,¹ and I hope he has

¹ Since I wrote this, the Rev. A. Swan has been appointed Dean of the Cathedral and Archdeacon.

CHRISTMAS AT HONG KONG

found one this summer, as he is much over-worked.

We then went and called, as in duty bound, on the Governor, Sir Cecil Clementi, whose knowledge of China and the Chinese is unique, and were entertained at luncheon at the Hong Kong Club, at which 200 British residents were present. My chaplain adds : " Very hearty British party. Lots of naval ships in harbour and an aeroplane carrier. Good old British Flag ! "

We then motored up to the top of the Peak and got a wonderful view of the town and harbour. We attended a Church " At Home " in the Cathedral Hall, which of course I had to address, and then came the first of many dinners at the Bishop's house for the clergy and their wives.

There was the most glorious sunshine all the ten days we were at Hong Kong, and we had now arrived at—

Christmas Eve, December 24. This we kept by a visit to the Hong Kong University under the inspiring leadership of Dr. Hornell, who is Vice-Chancellor. After addressing the Chinese students, I lunched with the Staff at his house.

After lunch we had the most interesting tour round the island, passed the village of Aberdeen, had tea at the famous Repulse Bay Hotel, and met the Cathedral clergy at dinner at the Bishop's house, the Bishop again pulling himself together for the evening.

Christmas Day.

One does not really like to spend Christmas Day away from home, but if you are going to do so, you could not find a better place than Hong Kong.

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In the first place there is a dignified Cathedral and reverent and regular services, and in the second place, we found fine sunny weather which is fairly common there at Christmas-time, and above all we received the greatest friendliness and kindness from the residents, not excluding, as I shall show presently, the Chinese.

At 8 a.m. we had this time a Choral Eucharist, at which I (what is traditionally called) "pontificated." Lest this should be thought popish, as it was in Belfast, where I was in danger of getting my head broken because I was said in the local paper to have "pontificated" at a Church in England, let me explain that it *only* means to say the absolution and blessing which one is particularly told to do in the Prayer Book, if you are present as Bishop.

At eleven we had a magnificent congregation just as we had had at Shanghai, and here let me say that I think it *does* do good for some one with some sort of position in the Church at home to go and visit these places where our scattered countrymen live. It makes them feel that they are not "left out" or forgotten, and by the way they rolled up they tried to show their appreciation of my visit everywhere.

Naturally too, on Christmas Day, they were all thinking of their children, often parted from them, and the English Church everywhere is a wonderful link with home.

May I add a story against myself?

In my sermon I had occasion to refer to the Governor and his wife "in their usual pew in the Cathedral" for Christmas.

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Only afterwards did I discover that neither of them had been there when I mentioned their presence !

The next day (December 26) was a Sunday and I preached on the Flagship (H.M.S. *Hawkins*), and then went over in the ship's launch to the church the other side of the harbour (St. Andrew's, Kowloon) and preached at eleven, lunched with the Vicar (the Rev. G. R. Lindsay) and visited the Cathedral Boys' and Girls' School. My chaplain preached very well at the evening service and I gave the blessing, the Bishop being still unable to leave his house.

He gave, however, another little dinner in the evening, at which the Admiral (Sinclair), the General (Luard), the Chief of the Police and the second Judge in the island were present.

After dinner, we started up river the eighty miles for Canton, and I can't help feeling that some of the distinguished men whom I met at dinner were rather hoping I should be in an "incident," but as a matter of fact nothing whatever happened.

We slept all night like tops ; the six armed guards on the boat were not required to protect us even from pirates and we got to Canton, one of the oldest cities in China, in perfect safety next morning.

Let me say here that you did not *always* arrive in perfect safety. I have said in public elsewhere what I think of the immunity enjoyed by these wretched pirates who carry off our merchant ships, as they did the *Sunning* a few weeks before our arrival, take them to Bias Bay, only fifty miles

from Hong Kong, empty them of all their valuables and send them contemptuously back to Hong Kong.

However, they met their match on the *Sunning*, for two of the brave officers managed to recapture the ship, laid out not a few of them, captured eighteen, and showed that British ships are not to be thus attacked with impunity. I should like to see the wasp's nest at Bias Bay ¹ smoked out for the good of every one.

CANTON

However, as I have already said, we were not carried off to Bias Bay, but were received by the inevitable Consul-General (what splendid fellows they are all over the world !) and by Lieut.-Commander Langton Jones, whose gunboat was lying in the harbour.

The rest of the party then visited that most interesting and ancient city from which the forces have gone, which once hoped to gain command of all China ; it had been a considerable time, I believe, since any Europeans at all had been in that quarter. But my friends were secure in the hands of the Chief of Staff of the Consul-General (Mr. Brennan). Meanwhile, I visited the C.M.S. Stations in the town, the Church of our Saviour in the Chinese City manned by Chinese clergy, the C.M.S. Compound and Home, the Bible Women's School, the St. Hilda's Girls' School, the Boys' School, now closed owing to the agitation in China, and saw the excellent women missionaries who will never leave their posts until they are compelled to do so.

¹ I was glad to see in the papers that a successful attempt has been lately made to do this.

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We then all met again to lunch with the Consul-General on the "Shameen," as the Foreign Concession is called, and there again I found that in the defence of the Shameen four shots had been fired by the Chinese and one Frenchman killed before any shot was fired at all by our side. The whole trouble was no doubt engineered by the Russian Borodin, who has put up a pillar by the canal, over which the firing took place, to keep alive the bad feeling between the two nations, if he can.

We then caught the steamer and got back to Hong Kong in time to go to bed.

On Tuesday, December 28 (Innocents' Day), I thought with rather a sad heart of the dance I always give at home on that day to 500 children, but instead of that I gave an address to the Mothers' Union about their children and the difficulty of reconciling their duties to their husbands out there and their children at home—as I have said, a most pressing difficulty ; and then we had a splendid game of tennis at the top of the Peak after lunch with Mr. Copley Moyle, who has a house at the very top.

That day, for the one and only time, I went in a rickshaw, as I don't care much to be dragged along by a man. Of course, the men themselves like doing it, as it is their only mode of subsistence.

Then came a very well-organized reception in the City Hall, at which the Governor was present and at which Mr. Moyle for the English and a Chinese representative for the Chinese welcomed me to Hong Kong ; this was also done in the evening by the Oxford and Cambridge Society,

who gave a dinner in our honour, at which about eighty were present. I may say that the old Marlburians another day did the same, so that I could not complain of the warmth of my welcome to Hong Kong.

On Wednesday, December 29, after visiting the Diocesan Boys' School, we motored out to the new territory, recently ceded by China at any rate for a time to Great Britain, and had a most enjoyable game of golf, arranged by Colonels Robertson and Matthews, the latter the brother of an old friend. I returned in time to give a Devotional Address in the Cathedral, and then attended a great dinner and reception given most kindly by the Governor at Government House.

Next day (the 30th) came more visits to more boys' and girls' schools. Then we had an At Home to Chinese members at the Cathedral, another dinner for Army and Navy chaplains and Chinese clergy at the Bishop's, and a service for men at 9.30 p.m. in the Cathedral which a good crowd of soldiers and sailors attended.

But it was the last day (December 31) which perhaps most of all (except Christmas Day) will stay in our memories.

We had the most lovely voyage out to Macao, a Portuguese colony in which there were also a few English residents. For instance, our young men are sent there from Malaya to learn Chinese if they are going to take up the Chinese side of the work in Malaya.

On the way I asked the captain why the Chinese boats came so near our ship—dangerously near, I thought.

“Don’t you know,” he said. “If they come near enough we shall cut off the devil which is pursuing them.” When I met the Chinese Christians in the evening in Hong Kong, I did not wonder that they looked so happy, having been freed from this degrading and prevalent superstition.

At Macao we were met by a Mr. Carey, our Commissioner of Customs, the Portuguese Governor’s A.D.C., and went to the Governor’s House to make our salaams to him. After that we were shown the sights of Macao, the shrine of Luis de Camoens, the famous Portuguese poet, the little English church where Robert Morrison is buried, the first English missionary to China who translated the Bible into Chinese.

We then went to see the ruins of St. Paul’s Cathedral, of which the West Front is still standing, which was the first Christian Church in China and built by the Jesuits with the help of Japanese Christians, saw the first lighthouse built on the Chinese coast, and lunched with Mr. Carey, who had asked many young Englishmen to meet us. They then all saw us off and after a really beautiful evening journey back to Hong Kong, arrived in time for what was to me *the* event of our visit, the Chinese dinner given us by the Chinese Christians, chopsticks and all. I have the ivory chopsticks now at Fulham. I need not go into the elaborate details of the dinner which consisted of innumerable courses, but what I shall always remember is the delight of the Chinese Christians, sixty in number, in having us all to themselves, the kind speeches which were made, and the beautifully carved present which was given

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me which also is now in the drawing-room at Fulham Palace.

This was a fit close to our delightful visit. We were seen off next day (January 1) on the Japanese ship, the *Hakone Maru*, by a great company of friends, including the Governor, Lady Clementi and their family, and were escorted to the harbour's mouth by launches, including one full of the Diocesan Boys' School, firing crackers like pistol-shots. I was glad for the Japanese to see the "send off" a Christian Bishop received from Chinese Christians.

PART V

THE MALAY STATES, JAVA AND THE
CELEBES

CHAPTER XXI

THE MALAY STATES

SINGAPORE—MALACCA—KUALA LUMPUR

NOTHING much happened between Hong Kong and Singapore, except that the favouring wind which had brought us from Shanghai to Hong Kong carried us peacefully to Singapore. Also we were much struck by the attentiveness and kindness of the Japanese and their “ up-to-dateness ” in providing Prayer Books and Ancient and Modern Hymn Books for the Sunday service. I was allowed on the Captain’s deck just as courteously by the Japanese Captain as on any of our own ships.

But when after leaving Siam, we swung into sight of Singapore, and a big man all in white with a sun helmet, climbed on board as pilot to take us into harbour, I knew a change had come. *We were in the tropics at last.* How well I was to know these tropics before I had done, but it was my first experience of them. To sit perfectly still and to have the perspiration start out at the back of your hand, and a hand of which you are rather proud that it is always hard and dry, and not that worst of things—a moist hand. That only happens in the tropics.

I admire more and more those who can “ stick ” the tropics year after year, and some for life.

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

Well ! we were in for it now, and of course for a time, it was quite tolerable—it was such an amazing change.

The first thing I wanted to do was to get into that white garb as soon as possible, and into the sun helmet which I had brought with me but had not worn since I was in the Sudan some years before the War—but I was never able to induce the Bishop of Singapore (Ferguson-Davie) to put off his black clothes at functions—so of course I had to wear them myself. But I cannot mention that hard-working and devoted man without saying what we owe him for his long toil of seventeen years in that exhausting climate. He has now resigned and we consecrated his successor among the bishops consecrated on St. Luke's Day, but he has done a great work in Malaya and laid the foundation for an even greater work in the future.

He and a little band of the faithful met us on the Quay and took us off to his house, where we were distributed to different houses, and then began what may be called our " Visitation " of Malaya and the Malay States.

As usual, the Governor (an old friend of mine, Sir Laurence Guillemard) welcomed us to dinner, at the splendid Government House—one of the most beautiful we saw all round the world—where we had the pleasure of meeting Lord and Lady Selborne, who were also on a visit to Malaya, and with whom Ormond Blyth enjoyed a game of bridge. Their visit was severely handicapped by the terrific floods which had put under water the very line by which they had hoped to travel, but I was only going myself as far as Kuala Lumpur,

up to which both the road and railway were now clear.

My nephew and ward, Eric Winnington Ingram, had just entered the Malay Civil Service, and came down from Jasin where he was stationed to meet us, though he arrived too late for this dinner-party, but I was glad to find out from Sir Laurence Guillemard (and this may be of some use to parents or guardians placing out their boys in the world) that, in his opinion, the Malay Civil Service is about the best in the world. It is interesting work both among the Malays and the Chinese as you can take up whichever branch you like—you have a steady rise of salary from about £450 to £3,000 a year, and can retire, if you serve your full time, on about £1,000 a year. This is my recollection of what he said, but of course it can be easily verified by inquiry at the Colonial or Foreign Office.

Our first visit next morning was to a delightful hospital started and largely managed by Mrs. Ferguson-Davie (the Bishop's wife), herself a trained doctor. Her work in this direction will be greatly missed in Singapore. Then after the usual game of golf and also the usual Old Marlburian dinner, got up by the Bishop, an enthusiastic O.M. and a well-known Old Marlburian master, Mr. Taylor, we started next morning on the real visitation of Malaya.

It was now Friday, January 7, and we began with the laying of the foundation-stone of a little Church at Johore on the mainland, where a small British community has sprung up and where a church had been talked of for a long time. The Sultan of Johore, though not himself a Christian, was most

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friendly, gave the site and a large subscription, and came to the service, although I noticed that he did not come within the circle of the proposed church but stood in the blazing sun outside. I was introduced to him after the service and also to his son, whom I had met in England.

We were then shown over the palace at Johore, where the furniture, Chinese vases, gold plate and other treasures were really marvellous.

We then went to see the much-talked-of Singapore base—at present merely in the dredging stage, and, my word! it was hot. The only time I really felt in danger of sunstroke was during that short walk in the middle of the day from the proposed base to where the motors were waiting. I rather pity the men who are going to toil there for the next ten or fifteen years to make the base, but, of course, the great majority of labourers will be the natives who are quite accustomed to the heat.

After lunching with General Fraser on the way back to Singapore in a lovely cool house at the top of a hill, we arrived at Singapore, where I had already been rather alarmed to see upon enormous bills

THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON
PUBLIC MEETING AT VICTORIA THEATRE
AT 5.15 P.M.

Subject :—

“Christianity and the British Empire.”

Anyone who thinks out the matter at all will see the difficulty of tackling this subject in a place where at least seven races meet, with Chinese in great num-

bers, at present in their home country anything but pleased with the British Empire, and with a considerable number of people who consider that Christian principles are not quite consistent with the way in which the British Empire has been got together.

However, there was no revolution after my address to this crowded and cosmopolitan assembly, so I suppose I must have got on somehow and I am very glad that my chaplain can put down in his log : " Bishop very well received."

Next day, January 8, Saturday, we had a wonderful reception or garden-party (as we should call it) at the Bishop's house—and what a band ! It really was a great affair. I think they must have been Sikhs by their dark faces, but I am not sure. They played splendidly.

The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Hayes Marriott, gave us a dinner in the evening—there is no limit to people's hospitality.

On Sunday, January 9, we had a choral Eucharist at 7.45—a fine and reverent service. I preached to the British troops at the Garrison Church at 9.30 a.m. (everything has to be early in hot climates) and then I preached again at a crowded Cathedral service at 5.30—the heat being rendered tolerable by open doors and windows everywhere and, of course, by the fact that the church was built for coolness.

Everywhere you go you find the old Church of England bearing a fine witness, though I don't pretend the churches and cathedrals are always so full as they are on a special occasion.

On January 10 we started up-country by train

through all the tropical vegetation, rubber plantations, cocoa-nut trees, palm trees and paddy fields of rice which abound in Malaya.

My nephew and chaplain and I slipped off the train at a station before Malacca to motor to Jasin, as I wanted to see where my nephew was actually stationed, and I am bound to say that my impression of a small station in Malaya where a young fellow begins his job was a very pleasant one. I dwell on it for the benefit of parents and guardians and those who are thinking of joining the service. Picture a village green very like a village green in England with some official (bungalow) buildings in the middle, a court-house where cases are heard and tried, a house where a very nice magistrate, the boss of the place, lives, himself only a young man of 33 with a wife and child, a centre house where two young men live together, viz. my nephew, second in command in the district, and the other about his age in charge of the water supply. There was a nice tennis court where we had a game of tennis after tea, the boss and his wife joining in. They kindly put up the chaplain. The only flaw was that the strings of my new racquet snapped one by one as *white* strings do not stand tropical heat. I had given my nephew a parting present of one with black strings but had only brought one with white strings myself.

To me it is astounding that young men almost straight from Oxford can go quietly and sit day by day in court and decide cases (with of course an appeal in serious cases) and have their judgment accepted without question by all these Malays and others of quite a different race. It is no doubt

their belief in the fairness and impartiality of the Britisher which accounts for it.

My nephew had got a few days' leave to accompany us further up-country, and we started by motor, having breakfast first with some neighbours on a rubber plantation on the way to Malacca, which is a beautiful place on the sea-coast. Here the charming Resident, Captain Meadows Frost, gave us luncheon, and after an excellent game of tennis we had a welcome also from the Malacca Club.

There are many interesting remains at Malacca. For instance, there are the ruins of a church on a hill above the Residency built in the sixteenth century, which for a time contained the body of Francis Xavier.

Then again the church used by the British residents once belonged to the Dutch and was handed over by them to the English Church when the English took possession. The old Dutch 17th century silver church plate is still there.

On January 12 we motored from Malacca, about 90 miles, to Kuala Lumpur through wonderful scenery, lunching on the way at Seremban with the Resident, Mr. Clayton (brother of the famous Tubby Clayton), who had a cheerful luncheon-party to meet us.

At Kuala Lumpur we were entertained at Carcosa, that most palatial residence of the Chief Secretary of the Federated Malay States, Mr. Peel, situated on the top of a hill, with an indescribable view of the surrounding mountains. Mr. Blyth was the guest of Chief Justice and Lady Gompertz.

Here again followed next day a tremendous

reception at which Sultans, officials, ladies, British, Malays and all sorts of other people attended, followed by an exhibition of tennis between four planters for every one to watch. (Alas ! Black clothes for me and no tennis !) But presently we had a quiet inspection of schools and hospitals. All races of children were in one kept by Miss Foss (daughter of Bishop Foss)—English, Chinese, Tamils and Malayans. Miss McNeile and Miss Bird kept St. Mary's School with 200 children, half Christian and half non-Christian.

After seeing the tin-mines, the other most prosperous industry in Malaya next to rubber, we visited the Leper Hospital where a young Australian, Dr. Green, is doing a wonderful work among six hundred lepers, and treating them with Tai Foong Chu (a powder which arrests the disease).

Friday, January 14, my nephew and I went to stay the night on a rubber estate, as it was thought I ought to see one at close quarters, and the one selected was Mr. Fisher's, who lived some 50 miles out, whose father was Vicar of Fulham and whose wife was the daughter of Mr. Learoyd who was once one of my clergy.

A planter's life is an interesting one for the man but a lonely one for the woman—that is my verdict on it, especially when the children have had to go home. The poor mother sadly missed her three girls who had gone home to school. I promised to have them up to Fulham on the first opportunity and write and tell her how they were, and this I did this summer, and was then thankful to hear that the mother could get here at Christmas to see them herself.

THE MALAY STATES

Here I baptized two babies of planters who thought it was too good a chance to be missed to have their babies baptized by a Bishop of London, however poor a specimen he might be, and then followed the inevitable game of tennis which keeps our fellow-countrymen fit all over the world, especially in the tropics.

Next morning, January 15, I was back at Kuala Lumpur and opened a fête for the Padre in aid of the church. The Padre was Mr. Roberts, a distinguished and cultured man who is now Bishop of Singapore. I received a beautiful Malay walking-stick with which I am now, when I write, tramping the Highlands.

Then followed Sunday, the 15th, with a Choral Eucharist at 7.30 when a fine men's choir (British) sang the service, a sermon to the Tamils at 9.30 and to the Chinese at 10.45, and to the English at 6, and then we were seen off by a great crowd and got into the train and slept our way back to Singapore during the night.

Then came final good-byes, a last visit to the Chinese School and St. Andrew's Diocesan School (700 boys), and we sailed away on the *Tasman* (Dutch line) for Java.

Thus ended a really interesting visit to a country which is not half well enough known to the British public. That is why I have narrated the visit in some detail.

Whatever it may be doing in other parts of the world, Britain is doing a fine work in Malaya, and so is the British Church.

CHAPTER XXII

THROUGH JAVA AND THE CELEBES TO AUSTRALIA

I SHALL not spend very much time over Java and the Celebes as they do not belong to Great Britain. This may be a surprise to some Britishers who seem to imagine that *all* parts of the world belong to them. As a matter of fact, Java did for a time fly the British flag, and I believe it almost broke Sir Stamford Raffles' heart when it was given up, but a gentleman at home reported that the island was of no value. I wish he could see it now. I suppose that it is the richest island for its size in the world—producing, as it does, rubber, sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, rice, tapioca and a few more things. It is far and away the richest possession the Dutch have in the world. The only thing not produced in it, and this again may surprise some people, is *Guava* jelly.

There are 35,000,000 people in Java.

On arrival at Batavia, we were met by the English Padre (Cribb) and the ever-courteous Consul-General, in this case a man named Crosby (I may mention that I was *not* ducked on crossing the Equator the day before), and went off to stay with the Padre, who owes allegiance to the Bishop of Singapore. This Bishop had asked the Dutch



A PLAY IN JAVA.

The Sultan's Son as Leading Star.

THROUGH JAVA AND THE CELEBES

Governor-General (Jonkheer de Graef) to receive us, and we motored out 50 miles to Buitenzorg where he lives, each side of the road being wonderfully illuminated by glow-worms. Here the Consul-General and I stayed the night at his beautiful palace.

According to the proper plan, the whole party was to have been lodged in the palace, but something went wrong, and my Chaplain and Mr. Blyth were sent to an hotel. Early in the morning, while they were still in bed, a member of the Governor's staff presented himself at their bedroom doors with profuse apologies for the error, and promptly carried them off to the palace for breakfast. We then went through the famous gardens which surround the palace—some of the most famous in the world—where we saw among other things the "Holy Ghost Orchid." Inside the petals there is the figure of a dove.

These gardens were originally laid out by Sir Stamford Raffles (who a century ago laid out the London Zoological Gardens), and of course passed to the Dutch with the rest of Java. They are wonderfully maintained by the present Governor—incidentally I may add that Jonkheer de Graef has a greater population under his sway than any other Governor in the world except the Viceroy of India.

After returning to Batavia we had a service in the little church to which the whole community came in spite of the great heat. The service was followed by a reception at the Padre's.

Next day, January 21, we went frankly "sight-seeing" and a wonderful sight we went out to see,

the Borobudur Temple, which after being buried for centuries was unearthed and restored by the Dutch in the last generation.

This temple is one of the sights of the world. Built by Hindu priests eleven centuries ago, it shelters some relic of Buddha, probably a pinch of his ashes. It stands in an open space on the top of a natural hill, surrounded by trees. One could spend a week in that enormous ruin studying the stone carvings which depict the whole life of Buddha, and then it would be hurried. On each of the four sides of this enormous stupa, hundreds of stone figures of Buddha purified greet the passer-by. Facing the rising sun, in the well-known attitude of meditation, he is the symbol of thought above. Facing the west he symbolizes charity. To the north he is calling the East to witness and to the south dispelling fear. On the back and over the right shoulder of each, is carved a representation of a thread, the thread of life which is divided into three parts. The first ends with the twenty-fifth birthday. That is the preparation for life's work. From 25 to 50 work and do good. From 50 to 75 help others. That ends it. At 75 go to the jungle and pray.

When the Mohammedans conquered Java, they immediately imposed their religion upon the islanders and destroyed their temples. To save Borobudur, its priests covered it with earth and planted trees upon it. Moisture and heat soon hid the huge mound under vegetation and for 600 years it was lost. It was in 1814 that Sir Stamford Raffles, the Governor of British Java, found the key to its locality and had it unearthed. When Java



THE TEMPLE OF BOROBUDUR IN JAVA.

Built 850 A.D., buried for centuries, but now excavated.

was handed back to Holland at the end of the Napoleonic wars, the Dutch continued its restoration and the completed work is a credit to the archæologists who carried it out.

You are supposed to go up to the top and see it at sunrise, and this we arranged to do in spite of a very late supper owing to a breakdown of the motor which delayed us three hours on the road from the station, 20 miles off at Djocja.

I shall never forget that wait in the dark for a relief car, walking up and down the road and looking at the fire-flies ; then there suddenly appeared a mysterious figure with a dagger—all the blood-curdling stories of massacres in a dark lane came to your mind until you discovered it was only a peaceable country-policeman, who wondered what *we* were doing with our mysterious motor-car by the side of the road.

On the way back next day we saw the Mundut Temple, built about the same time as the other, and then returned to Djocja—(what a name !)—and spent the time before the train went in buying batik table-cloths for people at home, and seeing the water Castle which was 300 years old.

“ Very hot ”—“ Very hot ” keeps coming in my Chaplain’s log-book, and so it was, especially in the train to Surabaia, where we were to meet the *Tasman* again. Our plan was, as my readers will see, to get out at Batavia, go through Java while the ship went round the island and get in again at the end of the 400 miles at the port Surabaia, where we take leave of Java. But, before doing so, we had to give a message to our fellow-countrymen in Surabaia (for it must never be forgotten that this was a

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

missionary tour and not a pleasure trip), and this I was able to do on January 23 (Sunday).

There is no church there at present, though the Padre from Batavia, who also looks after the other port, hopes to build one, but we had a celebration at seven and a service at ten in the King Hall. The service was broadcast through the island. I noticed the next note in the log-book is "Packed, and sweated." I don't wonder, but that made all the more delightful "a plunge in a pool's living water" which we obtained at Mr. McNeil's lovely home. Mr. McNeil is one of those innumerable Scotsman who have made good in every part of the world and under whatever flag they happen to be.

CELEBES

It only takes thirty-six hours to arrive at the Celebes, Dutch East Indies, and we were met at Macassar by the British Consul and the Dutch Chief Justice, who took charge of us for the day. We drove out to a fine waterfall and we saw houses built of bamboo and raised several feet from the ground on thick bamboo sticks.

On our way back we saw some remarkable caves and in Macassar a Chinaman's grave which had cost £5,000.

We got back to the ship at twelve, entertained on board ship our kind friends the Consul and Chief Justice, said "good-bye" to them and started on our long voyage to Australia.

Our short contact with the Dutch was therefore extremely pleasant. The Dutch Captain who now took care of us again was courtesy itself. I have already mentioned that he went 150 miles out of

his way to drop us at Townsville and showed us every possible courtesy.

It may serve as another illustration of this courtesy that when they discovered that the next day, January 26, was my birthday, a large birthday cake was made, of which all the passengers partook and the whole ship's company wished me good luck as I entered upon my seventieth year, being sixty-nine that day. I must say that if anyone had told me, say forty-nine years before, that I should be playing tennis, golf and squash racquets as vigorously as I did at twenty, enjoying a day's fishing just the same, and going round the world without missing an engagement, I should not have believed him ; but God has been very good to me and given me wonderful health, and an enjoyment of life, and, as I hope and believe, the Grace and Comfort of His Holy Spirit.

PART VI
AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

CHAPTER XXIII
AUSTRALIA AT LAST
TOWNSVILLE

I HAD been meaning to visit Australia for many years, but the ruthless round of work at home made it impossible, and just as I was going about twenty years ago, some pressing Home question came in the way.

But now on February 1, 1927, we anchored opposite Townsville, having steamed for four days and four nights along the coast of Queensland with no sign of human habitation, though, of course, inland there were a few scattered houses or farms.

I wonder whether people at home realize the vast size of Australia, its great lonely spaces, the great contrast between its enormous area and the $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions of people who at present inhabit it, and who live in the main round the outer rim of it, as some one has said like flies round a great saucer. This burning question as to how to reconcile the policy of a White Australia, so naturally the passion of the Australian born, with keeping so vast an area empty for an unlimited space of time, I have dealt with in *Some World Problems* and will not discuss it here, but it is a problem which should be faced at once.

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

The whole of North Australia is mainly tropical, as we found to our cost from the excessive heat of Townsville and Rockhampton, and from the curse of the mosquitoes, and herein lies the difficulty : Can a white people thrive and grow and cultivate the land effectively in such a climate ? I think they could with a better system of irrigation and a conservation of the rain which falls in vast quantities for a time and then not again for six months. There were 6 million sheep dead in Queensland alone from the drought on our arrival, and yet within a few days such rain fell that several people were drowned, and as we shall see we were delayed for twelve hours on our journey.

However, to resume our story, on February 2 (Wednesday) a launch came alongside the *Tasman* containing the Bishop of North Queensland (Feet-ham), whom I had nursed at Fulham three years ago through a dangerous illness, Archdeacon Moline, looking the boy he still is in spite of discharging archidiaconal functions, Canon Garland, that most tireless and energetic Secretary for the Church of England Empire Settlement in Queensland, and last but not least, the Mayor.

We had a splendid send-off from the *Tasman*, all the officers and passengers assembling on the deck to cheer us off. Unfortunately, after we had landed, it was discovered that my Chaplain had left on board my Pastoral Staff. The liner had already sailed, but a little later we received from her Captain a wireless message to the effect that he had found in my cabin a parcel the nature of which he was at a loss to describe ! We ultimately recovered the Staff at Brisbane.



ON THE "TASMANIA" WITH THE DUTCH CAPTAIN.

Some one started the idea that I had landed with my left foot first, but the subsequent success, as I think I may call it, of our visitation of Australia, shows he must have been mistaken.

To ensure our good behaviour, the Commissioner of Police was there to receive us on the landing-stage, and then followed speeches of welcome to which I endeavoured suitably to reply, and this was repeated later with tea and cakes in the Town Hall.

Here I learnt for the first time the Australian's addiction to tea. Tea in the early morning, tea at breakfast, tea at eleven, tea at lunch, tea at tea-time, tea at supper, and just another cup of tea before he goes to bed. No wonder I found later on the Ceylon tea merchants flourishing, for Australia alone is sufficient, if fully populated, to keep the whole world busy in providing tea for her.

It reminded me of the story of an American Bishop who after being taken to several tea-parties in London, said that he could not drink any more ; *" his back teeth were under water."*

At the Bishop's house we found a delightful collection of young clergy who had come in for hundreds of miles to spend two or three days in an annual conference. In fact, we had timed our arrival (hence my great gratitude to the Dutch) to coincide with this Annual Conference.

This Conference was of special interest to me, as I had had so much to do with starting the Bush Brotherhoods of Australia thirty years ago. I take no credit for the conception, which was entirely the idea of Bishop Westcott, Canon Body and the late Bishop Dawes ; but they asked me to join

them, as they wanted something on the lines of the Oxford House, of which I was then Head. They looked with envy on the thirty men of the type they desired to send out whom I had collected to work with me in Bethnal Green. The only difference was that mine were laymen and *they* must have men in orders to minister the Sacraments to lonely settlers all over Australia.

Anyhow, we did start them, and a wonderful success they have been. Bishop Halford was the first Head. We sent him out to Rockhampton, before, of course, he was a Bishop, and now I find him still in Rockhampton, having given up his Bishopric, doing a splendid work as a " Brother " going from one farm to another in his little " sulky."

There are seven or eight Bush Brotherhoods now in Australia, and it is a considerable testimony to the good men we have sent out that the Australians have chosen at least six to be their Bishops. Bishop Feetham himself was one of the thirty or forty clergy I have sent out from London alone, and our first man, Halford, was Bishop of Rockhampton for many years. Bishop Elsey of Kalgoorlie, Bishop Halse of Riverina, Bishop Thomas of Willochra were all Bush Brothers. It was therefore a great pleasure to meet this collection of young men, many of whom I had known in London, and to spend three days with them. Of course, I addressed them in the chapel ; we all went down and had a great service in the cathedral, and a crowded meeting in support of the Church of England Immigration Council in the garden of the Girls' School called St. Anne's, managed by the Sisters of the Sacred

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Advent, all splendid women, but perhaps the most useful things were the incidental talks I had with practically all of them.

How they did talk to one another too, and with Mr. Blyth, a great talker himself. I had to shut them up at one in the morning, as everything that was said could be heard all over the verandah-like house in which we were sleeping—my Chaplain was the only person impervious to the noise. Can you wonder that after weeks of lonely treks from station to station, they felt the need of a good talk? That was the great idea of the brotherhoods that they should work if possible, two and two, and meet every quarter for conference together on that work, and for common prayer. On this occasion, moreover, the temptation to talk was increased by the fact that they had as guest a public schoolman with whom they could exchange public school reminiscences and ideas.

I was also much interested to be introduced to what might be called “the first fruits of Australia”—that is to say the leading boys from the school started by the Bishop and Halse (before he went to be Bishop in Riverina). Three or four of the leading boys are going to be ordained, and this is really the great hope of a native-born Australian ministry. We cannot *for ever* be sending out men, as I have been doing from London for the last thirty years, and the great hope of a trained Australian ministry is in these Church Schools which are now being started all over Australia, which should be capable in time of producing just that trained and educated ministry the country needs.

You may say the same of the Girls' Schools,

although, of course, they will not be ordained except perhaps as sisters or deaconesses. But all over Australia what is wanted is the type of women these sisters are capable of furnishing, cultivated, religious women who will be able to bring up a generation of children of whom the whole Empire may be proud.

The Roman Catholics have excellent schools for their people, but we in the Church of England don't want *every one* to be Roman Catholic, and therefore we really should back up more thoroughly than we do these splendid efforts of the Bishops in Australia to have good Church schools of their own.

I think I ought to say before leaving the diocese of North Queensland, what fine work Bishop Feetham has done and how proud I am that I unearthed him as a curate from Bethnal Green and sent him out as a Bush Brother, where he soon showed his sterling worth and was elected Bishop of North Queensland some years afterwards.

ROCKHAMPTON, BUNDABERG AND BRISBANE

Seen off by a crowd of people, we left Townsville, meaning to push on straight to Rockhampton, but we had not reckoned for the floods which delayed us for twelve hours at a little place called Bowen. We used the time there in seeing the local Padre (Rymer), who most kindly entertained us, and being introduced to some of the local celebrities. We made up, however, the twelve hours by travelling all night instead of doing the distance by day, and arrived at Rockhampton just in time to go straight from the station to the early service.

AUSTRALIA AT LAST

We had been received on the way very hospitably at Mackay by the Mayor and had seen the lovely new church which has just been built there.

I do not want to seem ungrateful, but I must say that journeying in Queensland in an ordinary carriage with its heat and mosquitoes and a rather dirty compartment was a disagreeable change from the luxury of travelling in Canada and America. "Oh! for one hour of the 'Ottawa,' and Jimmy to look after me," was my constant wish.

However, in a young country like Queensland which at present loses a million a year on its railways, it would have been most unfair to have asked for better accommodation, even if it had been possible to provide it.

At Rockhampton we had the great pleasure of the company of the Bishop (Crick) who had joined us some 100 miles back, and who also had been my guest at Fulham for three months in the previous year. (I may say that it is my great joy to make Fulham Palace a kind of "home from home" to the Bishops who come back from all over the world.) After two consecutive nights in the train, I did not feel specially fit for the Sunday's work, but refreshed by the early service, followed by a bath and breakfast, I soon had to start on it by preaching at 10 a.m. at the Choral Eucharist in the cathedral and again at Evensong at 7.30. At both services the cathedral was crowded to the doors, but I am bound to say that the heat and mosquitoes were rather trying and convinced me if I did not know it before that North Queensland was in the Tropics.

Then came next day the usual civic reception

and our far too short visit at Rockhampton came to an end—far too short, I say, for we should much have liked to have stayed longer with such an old and valued friend as the Bishop.

I am very thankful to see in the Church papers that he has been transferred to Ballarat, which is a far healthier climate, as I do not think he could have stood that trying climate for much longer, even with the help of his excellent sister.

BUNDABERG

After receptions at Gladstone (called after the G.O.M.) and Rosedale which broke the monotony of a journey through very dull country, rendered still duller by the dead trees which had been barked for felling purposes, we arrived at Bundaberg, and after a hasty dinner at the station, we plunged into a great meeting at the Austral Hall. This was enlivened by the presence of Mr. George Barber, for twenty-five years the representative of Bundaberg in the State Parliament. It was our first meeting in Australia with one of those Labour leaders who so largely rule Australia at the present time, no less than four out of five Parliaments having Labour Governments at that time.

It was a surprise to many that he came upon our platform at all, the meeting being in support of Immigration, but it was my East London experience which had won his confidence, as he said in his speech proposing a vote of thanks to me. He had known me in Shoreditch, he said, when I was working at the Oxford House, and greeted me as a valued and long-lost brother. I thought it very

kind of him to risk misunderstanding with his party and come to support me.

As a matter of fact, he said that the Labour Party would not oppose the Immigration policy which I outlined in my speech, by which people were sent out in answer to nominations to definite posts. All they opposed was a dumping down of immigrants in towns where no preparation was made for them, and so increasing unemployment. This was also in substance what Mr. Lang, the Premier of New South Wales, said in an interview I subsequently had with him, but I shall refer to this again in a later chapter.

I believe that with mutual explanations and with both countries working together, we shall solve this question of "Peopling the Empire" on which the safety and prosperity of the whole Empire so largely depends.

On February 8 we "did" our Bundaberg, in other words, we saw the new church being built, promised to send a stone from St. Paul's to it (which I have now sent) and went round the sugar plantations which are very numerous there, though it will require a cleverer head than mine to find out how sugar grown in Queensland at great cost is going to compete with the sugar we saw in Java being produced at less than half the cost. Will Sydney and Melbourne be prepared for ever to pay *2d.* extra for Australian sugar? It will be fine patriotism if they do.

Leaving at 8 p.m., we got to Maryborough a couple of hours later and were surprised to find the platform crowded to receive us for the ten minutes the train stopped, and had a speech from

the Mayor and a kind welcome from the Rector, and then passed on our way with the whole platform singing "He's a jolly good fellow," and settled down for the night, arriving at Brisbane next morning.

Even at that early hour, the Archbishop (Sharp) was there to receive us, also Bishop Le Fanu, another old friend, and a number of the local clergy.

It was of great interest to me to see Brisbane at last, as not only had my great friend Donaldson, now Bishop of Salisbury, been Archbishop there for so long, but I had myself volunteered to go out to Brisbane as quite a young man, under Bishop Webber, and only did not go out there, because my then chief, Bishop Maclagan, whose chaplain I was, thought that East London work was more suitable for me and sent me there instead.

So here was Brisbane at last, and a fine city it is! Accompanied by the Mayor, we were taken to "One Tree Hill" in the afternoon and had a magnificent view of the whole city. The cool breeze was a great delight after the tropical heat which we had experienced in North Queensland.

Then on February 10 began the programme for Brisbane. A visit to the Church Grammar School, a great discussion on Immigration with the Church of England Council (of which Canon Garland is the Secretary), a reception by the Senate and Professors of the University in the Botanical Gardens followed by tea, and more tea with seventy clergy of the diocese whom I addressed afterwards in church, and finally a dinner at Government House where I was introduced to many of the Labour Ministers.

AUSTRALIA AT LAST

Then on Friday, February 11, came a civic reception at Ipswich, twenty-seven miles out, and *what* a road to get to it! I was glad I had not brought out my new presentation motor.

But I had a *most* hearty reception when I got there. Then followed a midday address to 600 railway employés, which reminded me of Victoria Park. "Cain's wife," I find, was not dead and buried as I supposed in East London, but was still active in Australia.

"Who was Cain's Wife?" "The Church and Labour," "Christianity and Evolution"—we had all the old questions after the service and it was quite like old times.

Then after a little golf to clear the brain, came a great meeting of 1,500 people in the Exhibition Hall with the acting Labour Premier in the chair, and here again the same views which I have described were expressed about Immigration from the chair. The Leader of the Opposition and the Minister of Mines also spoke, and most remarkable of all, the Roman Catholic Archbishop Duhig proposed a vote of thanks.

Altogether it was a very happy evening, and my chaplain is right in adding, "Bishop received a splendid welcome."

After a comparatively quiet day on the Saturday, and a garden-party at the Bishop's house, we had our usual heavy Sunday on February 13, and I jolted out again to Ipswich, the centre of the railway system, and preached to a crowded church, and back again for a wonderful Evensong in what I suppose is the most beautiful of the new Anglican cathedrals in the world, largely built by Bishop

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Webber. Crowds never got in, but the sermon was broadcast through Australia on the text, "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross." I found out afterwards that it had reached Christchurch in New Zealand.

And thus ended a very happy visit to Brisbane.

CHAPTER XXIV

TOOWOOMBA AND THE DARLING DOWNS TO SYDNEY

FEBRUARY 14. Seen off by a great crowd of wellwishers, headed by the Archbishop and the Dean, Dr. Batty, whose brother is the Bishop of Fulham, and who had just returned in time from England to welcome us, we started on the next lap of the journey and arrived at Toowoomba by mid-day. This place is 2,000 feet above sea-level, and is deliciously cool and in the midst of beautiful scenery. We had time for a drive to Quarry and Picnic Corner under the care of Sir Littleton Groom, Chairman of the Senate at Melbourne, who subsequently gave us at Melbourne a most interesting luncheon-party of which I shall speak later.

He lives at Toowoomba, and his father was Mayor and M.P. before him.

After the drive we had the usual civic reception, but this time in the Public Gardens, which was much pleasanter than a hall, then after supper with the clergy and leading Church laity we had a fine public meeting in the Town Hall.

After the meeting, I separated from my friends, who stayed behind at Toowoomba for the night, and had a delightful motor ride under the stars to

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

Cambooya to have the experience of what a sheep station was like, and after a cool and refreshing night at the edge of the Darling Downs, I was motored over them by Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax towards Warwick, where I was to meet the train and my friends again.

I had often heard of the Darling Downs—a most attractive name—and I had the advantage of being taken the last part of my way by one of the old pioneers who had broken into this country when it was practically virgin soil and who was able to give me an account at first-hand of how it had grown from nothing into the rich and productive country which it now is.

As I passed it was touching to meet at every little village on the Downs, the surrounding farmers and their wives and children who came in and surrounding, as a rule, the local church, asked for a little message from the Bishop who had come from “Home.” After a civic reception at Warwick, we got into very comfortable carriages for Sydney, and leaving out Newcastle, as the Bishop was away, we arrived at Sydney next morning.

SYDNEY

On arrival at Sydney I found published in the *Church Standard* the following charming welcome :

WELCOME! BISHOP OF LONDON

The whole Church throughout Australasia joins in this greeting with the utmost gladness. We are glad to hail as our guest, though for too short a time, this well-loved Father-in-God. His visit, as the Primate has written, is a unique event and we share His Grace's regret that he will be absent from Australia when the Bishop of London arrives in Sydney. He has been for the

TOOWOOMBA AND THE DARLING DOWNS

past week in Queensland and we shall no doubt have many reports of an enthusiastic welcome by the dioceses of the northern Province. The Bishop has one primary object in his visit overseas. He desires to encourage immigration from the old land, to remove misconceptions and to promote a hearty interest in this great movement. A far-sighted statesman, he knows the value and importance of the populating of the distant parts of the Empire with virile descendants of the British stock. He will no doubt be deeply impressed with Australia's urgent need of a greatly increased population. We trust that his eloquent appeals will lead to a clearer view of the subject and will serve to remove unworthy and sometimes, we fear, selfish objections to this vital movement for the ultimate permanent possession of our great continent by descendants of the British race.

But there is a wider purpose still in the Bishop's visit. Those of us who use the quarterly intercession paper of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have been saying during the last quarter this particular prayer :

"To preserve the Bishop of London in health and safety during his missionary tour. To enable him to bring a message of encouragement and cheer to many hard-pressed dioceses and missions."

The reports in the public Press have already assured us that in the Bishop's tour through Canada, America, and the Far East, this prayer has been fully answered. We rejoice in the assurance that the same blessing will attend his journeys and visitations in our part of the world. Recently we published some account of the first part of his tour and some local words of appreciation of the Bishop's foremost place in the estimation of all sections of the community. There is not the slightest need to write anything further in the way of commendation. Rather we would urge consideration on the part of those who in the eagerness of their anxiety to see and hear the Bishop may forget that he must not be overtaxed.

Not the least element in the gladness of our welcome is the knowledge that the Bishop is a fearless champion of the Catholic Faith and sympathizes with its fullest expression in dignified worship and in the many directions in which the corporate life of the Church exercises its spirit-given energy. In this regard his visit will do us all untold good. We shall have visible evidence that definite Churchmanship is no narrow conception of the Church of England. Long ago the Bishop expressly declared himself as an Anglo-Catholic, defining that term in its noblest

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meaning. It is consistent with the fullest loyalty to the Church of England, but it looks beyond provincial and national bounds and claims full fellowship with the One Holy Catholic Church from the beginning. Therefore he is tolerant as they only can really be whose own convictions are definite, but who, as Bishop Phillips Brooks has so well taught us, combine the love of truth with the love of man, bringing these two great affections into perfect harmony when they are orbéd and enfolded in the yet greater affection of the love of God.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON AT SYDNEY

Bishop beloved, who through the crowded years
Hast held to myriads of our British race
The glass, wherein some gleam of God's great Face
Has been reflected through all doubts and fears,
No more a legend thou ! the man appears
Great-hearted, strong, to brother men akin
Their sorrows sharing, shrinking not from sin,
In hope exulting, tender unto tears.

Long-looked-for friend we grasp thee by the hand
And bid thee welcome, lover of thy kind,
To this our new-won home, our southern land
Where all in plenty, save God's Church, we find.
By thee enheartened still may we pursue
What things are lovely and what things are true.

G. W.

This, I need not say, is a far too flattering description of me, but I reproduce it as the work of Bishop Gilbert White, one of the best known Australian poets.

The Archbishop was away for reasons of health, but the kind Coadjutor Bishop received us, and without waiting to draw breath we began our Sydney programme. This is stamped on my mind with singular force for several reasons. In the first place there was the speech of Mr. Willis, sent by the Labour Government to receive us, as another old East Ender, this time from Haggerston. He

is a leading member of Mr. Lang's Cabinet. He said very kind things about little children running to catch hold of my coat-tails in Bethnal Green, and if he had stopped there, all would have been well, but, like many an old East End orator, he went on to say a lot more than he really meant about the Old Country's sun setting and the sun of Australia rising in glory, etc. This was greeted with loud cries of "No! No!" from Mr. Blyth and the great majority of the audience who thought it a left-handed compliment at a civic reception to one who had only just come from the Old Country.

In my reply I tried to turn it off by saying that I was sure my old friend Mr. Willis only meant that "he was calling in the new world to redress the balance of the old," but in my address at a luncheon given me a few hours afterwards by 150 of the Press, at which the Editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald* took the chair, I took occasion to deal seriously with this idea of the decadence of Britain, which I find more common than I had expected, and pointed out that the prestige of Great Britain never stood higher than it did to-day in America because of the prompt payment of the debt, in China, as shown by the fact that all the rich Chinese were moving their valuables not to Moscow (not if they know it) but to Hong Kong under the British Flag, and at the League of Nations in Geneva, where Lord Cecil and Sir Austen Chamberlain held such a commanding position.

When I sat down, Sir Ernest Harvey, over in Sydney on business from the Bank of England, was asked to say a few words, and he made a far more

powerful speech than mine by pointing out that the Bank of England has just put on its legs three bankrupt nations in Europe and had been behind the repatriation of 500,000 Greeks. This sign of the vitality of "the old lady of Threadneedle Street" rather wiped the floor with the idea of Great Britain being a decaying nation, and as the whole Press of New South Wales was present, I think our speeches on this subject did some good.

But, of course, all these gatherings paled before the tremendous ovation in the evening in the Sydney Town Hall. It is reckoned that at least 3,500 were present, the Governor (Admiral De Chair) took the chair and made an excellent opening speech, and then called upon me.

Whether it was that the enthusiasm of the audience carried me away, but I never felt so much *en rapport* with a huge audience in my life. I made it a real "Church" evening, only incidentally alluding to Immigration, and many wrote afterwards that it was the greatest impetus to the Church life of Sydney that it had received for many years. I was only sorry that the Archbishop himself was not present, as I am sure the sight of this immense body of Church people would have cheered his heart. The Governor told me afterwards that he himself had been very much impressed.

Then of course we had to visit the schools. At the new school, Cranbrook, in which Sir Ernest Harvey's brother, Mr. Justice Harvey, takes so great an interest and also Canon Howard Lea, who had taken over the care of us from Canon Garland,

I was asked to open a new wing and give an address to the school, and then another day, we went over to one of the old schools of Australia, the King's School, Paramatta, reviewed the boys, drawn up on parade, lunched with them, and gave an address to them after lunch. Here another Harvey (no relation to the others), an old Rugby Blue and International, is Head Master, and a very efficient one too.

In case it may be of interest to my readers to know what I said to all these schools, I see that my chaplain has kept a note of what I said to this particular one. It was on the subject "How to keep young all your life." He has summed it up very shortly, but as far as I remember, quite accurately.

Secrets of keeping young—

(1) Regular exercise—not too much of anything.

(2) Keep your *mind active*, e.g. Reading.

(3) Keep your *heart young*, e.g. Sympathy.

(4) Keep your soul in living touch with the living God, e.g. Daily Prayer.

So "those whom the Gods love die young," i.e. are young when they die.

On the way back from Paramatta, I laid the foundation-stone of a Babies' Home in North Sydney and finished the day with a reception given by my kind hosts, Chief Justice Street and Mrs. Street, where we met many of the leading Sydney people, and then next morning we packed up our traps and left in a motor over the Blue Mountains for Bathurst. On the top of the pass (3,000 feet up) we lunched and met all the clergy of the Blue Mountains, and a jolly lunch we had with a beauti-

ful view in front of us. Among others who were there was the Venerable Archdeacon Boyce, the pioneer of that part of the world.

BATHURST

In the evening we arrived at Bathurst, which is 124 miles from Sydney, where we received a delightful welcome from the Bishop (Long), who had made my house (at that time London House) his home whenever he could get over from the Australian troops with whom he did so much good work during the War in France. Here also we met an old friend, Arnold Wylde, whom we had a few years before sent out from Bethnal Green to be head of the Bush Brotherhood in that diocese. He is now Coadjutor Bishop.

Bishop Long is an extremely able man and has a powerful personality, and this accounts to some extent for the marvellous service which we had on the Sunday. The celebration at 8 a.m. was attended by 700 communicants, of which 350 were men, who had come in hundreds of miles and stayed on to breakfast. It was a sign of the way in which the Church draws people together, that the Mayor of Orange—the deadly rival to Bathurst—actually came and joined in the welcome from Bathurst after the breakfast, and no heads were broken on either side.

Then came the usual visits to schools, and I laid the foundation-stone of the All Saints' School for boys in the morning, another for the Marsden Girls' School in the afternoon, and finished up by preaching at a crowded Evensong in the cathedral later on in the day.

TOOWOOMBA AND THE DARLING DOWNS

Next day we separated. Mr. Blyth went back to Sydney, I sent my chaplain with Arnold Wylde, 130 miles to Dubbo to see the Brotherhood there, and I went off with the Bishop on a private visit of my own to visit three great-nephews and their father and mother who two years ago had gone out to farm at Spring Valley, Marengo, near Young.

It was a very jolly motor ride, including a nice mid-morning tea at a sheep station on the way, and a picnic lunch by the roadside. Then in the afternoon on a side road there appeared a farm motor with one of my great-nephews and his father, Mr. Arthur Morgan, who were to take us to the farm. Here I said good-bye to the Bishop.

LIFE ON A FARM IN AUSTRALIA

Now if I describe the farm in some detail, it is for the information of those who may be thinking of going out. Picture a valley very like an English valley, but sunburnt and dry as few English valleys are. The Bishop had previously explained that this was one of the secrets of the wonderful merino sheep which were the making of Australia. So many sheep in our country get sheep-rot, but it is this sunburnt land which produces such wonderful wool.

I found that my nephews had a farm of 1,200 acres, for which they had paid £10,000—£3,000 down, £7,000 borrowed. This is the only way land can be taken up in Australia, as few have the capital to buy the land straight out. There were on the farm fields of wheat and lucerne, 10 horses,

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some cows, 1,200 sheep and 300 lambs. They had all had to live in tents the first year, and their first job was to kill 3,500 rabbits, and fence the farm properly. They are only young men of 26, 24 and 22, and it does them great credit that in two years' time they had built themselves a comfortable house, and had the farm in good working order. In this I must say, though she is my niece, they had been greatly helped by their mother, while their father, who had been the manager of a bank, was most helpful over the accounts and also attended to the garden.

Water was the difficulty, as usual in Australia; the well had been sunk but no water was reached, and it meant £3 a foot to go deeper. My niece very pluckily had allowed herself to be let down 60 feet to see if there was water. I left £100 behind either to sink further or, as a safer plan, to bring water up from the creek, for, unlike the house, the farm was watered from a creek.

These farms are a big venture, as you have to pay £1,000 a year, partly interest and partly sinking fund on the borrowed capital but, if all goes well, you ought to have the farm for your own in ten years. If, as happened last year, the wheat crop fails for no assignable reason, and you get £200 instead of £1,200, obviously your calculations get thrown out.

However, with good health and decent luck, I think these young fellows will "make good," and if they do, so may any other young fellows if they work, for these three are typical boys such as schools like Marlborough (where they were educated) are turning out every year.

RECEPTION IN YOUNG

Of course, the local township was not going to be less hospitable to the Bishop of London than Sydney itself, and so we all drove in to Young, twenty miles off, to have a civic reception there, preceded by a service in the local church, to which at my request All Saints', Margaret Street, had sent out a beautiful chalice and paten. After the service I laid the foundation-stone of an extension of the church.

The civic reception took the usual form, but having stayed two days in the neighbourhood, I was able to add a little more local colour than usual to my reply. At the end I dragged the very popular R.C. Padre on to the platform to propose a vote of thanks. Then came rather a sad farewell to my niece and the boys (*Australia is a long way off*), and catching the night train to Sydney, rejoined my comrades, said farewell to my kind hosts, the Streets, and in the afternoon of February 24, started for the next part of our tour by embarking for New Zealand on the R.M.S. *Makura*, and we sailed at four.

It is really rather a pretty custom to see the streamers which the passengers have thrown up to them by those seeing them off. When the ship is really off the streamers break, one by one, and the ship is lost in the distance.

For half an hour before the ship sails brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts and fiancées are assembled on the quay in great numbers, and keep hurling up these little knots of coloured ribbon, which unfurl when we catch them, and these form a many-coloured and effective communication with

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the shore. It is meant, no doubt, to symbolize the love and sympathy for those leaving. What struck me was the number of people who seem to have *time* to do this in Australia. There were hundreds seeing off every ship by which we sailed.

CHAPTER XXV

NEW ZEALAND

WELLINGTON

IT is often very stormy between Australia and New Zealand, but we were fairly lucky this time. In any case the voyage only takes from Thursday evening to Monday morning. My friend Ormond Blyth however succumbed, as usual, and here I should like to say that his kindness in coming round the world with me was all the greater, as he must have known before he started what a bad sailor he was ; nothing however disturbed his serenity or his consideration for me.

It is very hard to *define* what is the peculiar charm of New Zealand, but a peculiar charm it certainly has. I find in my chaplain's diary, again and again, "Glorious sunshine. Very happy day," and that does represent very fairly one's memory of New Zealand. Of course, the sunshine in New Zealand is very different to the sunshine in the Tropics. It is exhilarating. Every one expects a fine day, and it generally *is* a fine day, just like the best fine days we have at home.

Then there is such an English atmosphere about everything, and I say English advisedly, although I know that Dunedin was founded by Scotchmen and is predominantly Scotch now, but I agree with

the Prime Minister in his book of addresses when he says that sometimes we may be allowed to talk about England without men crying out from the other end of the room "What about Scotland?" We who are English love Scotland and are proud of Scotland, but so we are of England, and we must be allowed sometimes to talk of an English atmosphere. All I can say is that I never felt so much "back in England" in any part of the world, as I did in New Zealand. Of course, Christchurch in the South Island, to which we shall come presently, was founded by members of the Church of England under the inspiration of the late Lord Lyttelton.

Well, to go back to my narrative, we arrived at Wellington on Monday, February 28, and found the kind Bishop of Wellington, Dr. Sprott, and a number of clergy there to meet us.

I thought Wellington Harbour, especially when I saw it later from the surrounding hills, one of the most beautiful harbours in the world; I won't say *more* beautiful than those of Auckland, Sydney or Vancouver, as in that case I should never be able to visit any of those places again, and as a matter of fact, in New Zealand Auckland is equally beautiful, but certainly we can be proud in the British Empire of the wonderful harbours we possess.

A kind layman had arranged some golf for us wherewith to stretch our legs after our voyage, and then we were ready for the evening meeting in the Town Hall, 3,000 present, where besides myself, the Mayor and the Bishop, Sir James Allen (the late High Commissioner in London) spoke.

On Tuesday, March 1, there was a Celebration in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral (some time they must

have a worthy cathedral for so important a place) at which 400 communicants were present and the service took two hours ; then a speech at a New Zealand Club luncheon, followed in the afternoon by a great reception in a hall, given by the Bishop, to which the Governor-General was kind enough to come.

On Wednesday, March 2 (Ash Wednesday), after an early service in the pro-cathedral, we started in a motor for Palmerston, and as if to commemorate Ash Wednesday we had no less than five punctures, arriving two and a half hours late at Palmerston, where we were to have lunched with relations of my dear old friend, Bishop Abraham, the first Bishop of Wellington, at 1.30 and eventually did so at 4 p.m.

However, undeterred by these calamities, after a hasty lunch we went to visit two most interesting institutions ; one, Flock House, established by the farmers of New Zealand in memory of the sailors and merchant seamen who had died in the War, and the other the Diocesan Girls' School. The first was of course the more interesting because it was unique. The gift from the farmers was a generous one of £250,000, and with it, a farm of 8,000 acres was acquired, with a large house on it ; to this are brought out the orphan boys of these seamen, who are then trained at Flock House to work upon the surrounding farms. We found about forty boys there, looking very well and happy, and after I had given them a little address in the open air, we were greeted with three real ringing English cheers, not the truncated form of cheering which has been introduced in some parts

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of the English-speaking world, which is a kind of "Hoick, Hoick, Hoick."

We got back to Palmerston in time for dinner, having motored 200 miles, and then caught the train to Auckland.

With all my love for New Zealand, I can't say much for the steadiness of its trains. Of course, it *is* a mountainous country and I have no doubt the railway is a difficult one to make, but I have *never* swayed from side to side so much at night as I did on that journey to Auckland.

AUCKLAND

We were two and a half hours late, owing to our making way, quite rightly, for the Royal Train. (I will speak about the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York, which was such a great success, presently.) Late as we were, we found the Archbishop of New Zealand (Averill) on the platform, and had just time to wash our hands (we had had breakfast at some station on the way) before we were due at the civic reception in the Town Hall at twelve, followed by the Rotary Club luncheon at one, and a meeting of the Emigration Committee at three.

However, we were kept going at this delightful visit for all our engagements by some very good tennis on the Archbishop's lawn with a fine view of the harbour. I should like to enclose my chaplain's pregnant notes on this day :

"Fine Harbour—lovely scenery—glorious sunshine—
Happy day—nice House—Delightful people."

You can't say more, and it would be untrue to say less.



HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF
NEW ZEALAND.

In the evening there was a gathering of all the surrounding clergy to meet us at the Archbishop's house.

Then on Friday came a round of visits made in two cars—

(1) The Girls' Diocesan School, where one of the well-known Sandford family had just come out to be Head Mistress.

(2) The Dilworth Ulster Institute, a well-endowed institute for poor boys, whose Head Master, Mr. Gibson, accompanied us home later on for a holiday.

(3) St. John's Theological College which had been the Head-quarters of Bishop Selwyn.

(4) St. Mary's Rescue Home, where the children are so rightly kept with the mothers and where there were at least thirty babies to greet us.

(5) King's College for boys with its splendid Chapel, where we had lunch.

(6) The Orphan Home, which has been established for seventy years.

This may give some idea of the great work the Church is doing in this diocese under the inspiring leadership of the Archbishop of New Zealand. Bishop Selwyn's great work is being continued under him.

A moment's consideration will show the usefulness of all these institutions, and the way in which they cover the ground.

You simply *must* bring up the boys and girls of these new countries in the right way, and give them the best of education, and the Church must take its part in doing this. Then, again, if you are to have a "native ministry"—and nothing is more

important—you must have a Theological College. This Bishop Selwyn saw at once, and the one now in existence is a continuation of his. It is probably disappointing that Rescue Work is as necessary in this new country as we know it is in our own. It only shows that the “lusts of the flesh” and the “temptations of the devil” are not done away with even by beautiful sunshine and good housing.

The Dilworth Ulster School is a richly endowed institution for poor boys, and I have sent the Head Master this summer to all such institutions over here as Christ's Hospital, that he may develop this one on the best lines.

I need not say that they did not allow my Sunday at Auckland to be an idle one.

On Sunday, March 6, I celebrated at eight in the pro-cathedral and preached to a great crowd in St. Matthew's Church at eleven, while my chaplain preached in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Then came the “*pièce de resistance*” of the day—a really tremendous meeting in the Town Hall at three with 3,000 present, and the address broadcast throughout New Zealand and Australia. I took the subject of National Sins, not those of New Zealand especially, but those equally prevalent at home—

(1) National Selfishness, as exemplified by a man who said, “We have got a nice bit of God's earth and mean to keep it to ourselves.”

(2) National Softness, illustrated by the saying already quoted from Vancouver: “Send out as many *serfs* as you like to cultivate our land—our young people don't mean to do it!”

(3) National Gambling, as illustrated by a

mother who said to her daughter—"If you want any new clothes, my dear, go to the races ; I can't afford to get you any."

This address, so far from offending people, seems to have been very much appreciated, and I find all over the world, that what people like is plain speaking if done with charity and personal humility, and not as if the speaker was setting up to be himself a superior person.

Then followed in the evening a service in the cathedral, although it was against the rules to preach three times on the Sunday, and by that time we were about ready for three days' holiday which but for the rests on the ships, were the only three days' holiday I got round the world. I don't complain for a moment. I did not go for a holiday, and the change of scene and the smiles of welcome everywhere were delightful ; but for all that, so was the three days' holiday which I will now proceed to describe.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE THREE DAYS' HOLIDAY

THREE days' holiday ! and my word ! how I did enjoy it ! It was only marred by the illness, which might have been serious, of Will Smith, who had managed to get pleurisy and whom we had to leave behind at Rotorua in a nursing-home, but fortunately he recovered, and rejoined us again at Wellington. Mr. Blyth kindly went back to see how he was getting on and so missed two days of the holiday.

The chief elements of the holiday were three : (1) The Geysers, (2) The Maoris, and (3) The Rainbow Trout.

(1) To take them in order—the natural geysers are the most wonderful things I have ever seen, being hot springs which gush out of the earth and rise to an enormous height. They are under the care of the Maoris, and our guide Rangi, a handsome and charming Maori girl, was brought up at one of our schools.

Would Pohutu (the big geyser) work for the Bishop of London or would it not ?—this was the crucial question on the next morning after our arrival. It had for Royalty. Would it for me ? You felt your reputation was at stake.

At first it was very sulky and would do nothing.

THE THREE DAYS' HOLIDAY

At last, just when our patience was nearly exhausted, up went Pohutu 100 feet, and you felt your character had been established in the lower world.

While we were waiting for this phenomenon, Rangi, who was a very quick-witted girl, scored neatly off a remark of mine. She had been telling us that each geyser had its individual name, and that one was known as the Glad Eye.

"And how do you translate that into Maori?" I asked unthinkingly.

"There is no translation," she replied on the instant. "We never had the glad eye until the English came to New Zealand."

Not less wonderful than Pohutu was the geyser at Wairakei, which we visited in the afternoon, some forty miles on. The valley was full of geysers—their very names are suggestive: The great Wairakei Champagne Pool, the Devil's Inkipot, Opal Pool, Eagle's Nest Dancing Rock Pool. I shall never forget the last. "Keep your eye on that rock," said the old guide, "and when it heaves up for the third time, run for your life." As he was himself suffering from being hit by the boiling water, I did not wait for the third time, and ran round the corner at the second, and it was lucky I did, as a great wave of boiling water submerged the rock on which I had been standing. Altogether it was quite exciting, and very interesting, and almost worth coming all the way from England to see.

(2) Then about the Maoris—they are very interesting people. Their condition to-day is nothing short of a miracle as they were man-eating cannibals

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100 years ago. We do not pay half enough honour to the Marsdens and Selwyns of the world who worked this spiritual miracle by devoted effort. Nearly all the Maoris are Christians now of one denomination or another. I went to Rotorua to see the Maori church which is built for them or by them in what is a great Maori centre ; I say it may well be *by* them, as some of them are extremely well off ; their land was never taken from them by the British but, where acquired, it has been fairly bought. This was all settled by a famous treaty, when the constant wars and rebellions were over.

(3) But the main enjoyment of the holiday was the *fishing*. In New Zealand you have the finest trout fishing in the world. Here I am, writing this in the Isle of Mull. We were quite pleased yesterday with a basketful of 12 trout which weighed about 9 lb., but what shall we say of the rainbow trout of New Zealand where *one* of those I caught weighed 9 lb. and the 7 I caught in the twenty-four hours weighed 40 lb. !

These rainbow trout were, I believe, brought originally from America, but do not grow very big there. For some reason or other, they grow to this size in New Zealand, sometimes up to 14 lb. or 15 lb.

Anyhow, we had great sport both in Lake Taupo and the Tongariro River.

Hearing from Mr. Moorhouse, the Head of the New Zealand Fisheries, who most kindly came with us, not so much that " the early bird got the worm," as that " the early fly got the trout," I was up at 4 a.m. and on the river by 5 a.m. and got a fine 9-lb. trout at 5.30 a.m.

THE THREE DAYS' HOLIDAY

On the other hand, let me pass on this caution to my fellow-fishermen. Don't treat a trout as you do a salmon. After two rushes, you rightly leave a salmon quiet to see what he is going to do next, but don't leave a rainbow trout quiet for a moment. He is down on the bottom in a second, scraping off your fly against the pebbles. I lost two in that way before I discovered their little game. They rightly got off and deserved to win.

One of the pleasures of this little holiday was seeing two of my young clergy whom I had sent out from London (as also another in Wellington) who motored in 100 miles to see me. I gave them dinner and a bed at the hotel and we all very greatly enjoyed meeting each other again.

After the fishing came a long motor ride through very wild scenery, making 140 miles altogether, to meet the train back to Wellington at a wayside station in the middle of the night as it thundered up through a storm of rain to the top of the pass where we got in. As we passed Palmerston in the early morning arrayed in my dressing-gown I gave one trout weighing 8 lb. to one of the Abrahams who had lent me a fishing-rod, and sent the biggest back to our kind host—the Archbishop of Auckland.

I hope that none of my readers will write down my account of the rainbow trout as a "fisherman's story"! Fishermen's stories are *sometimes* true.

On the Tay in Scotland one summer I walked into a boat, kindly put at my disposal every year by the late Lord Blythswood. I had done my letters first, and could not begin fishing till 11.30. As I walked into the boat I held up my one hand with

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five digits outstretched and the thumb of the other hand, and I said to the “Two Feet,” as we called the two boatmen (for they were two brothers called Foot), “*Six* before lunch, old fellows.” I had six rises in one pool, and landed them all—and took in six salmon before 1.30, weighing between 15 and 20 lb. The Presbyterian boatmen were astonished that I should have named the exact number, and said to Lord Blythswood: “It is very *pee-oolier*!” But yet it actually happened, and the only untrue part of the story is when I end the story by saying that they became Episcopalians in consequence!

CHAPTER XXVII

BACK TO WORK

CHRISTCHURCH AND THE SOUTH ISLAND

THE 200 miles from Wellington to Christchurch in the South Island were done in the night, and at Christchurch we were met by one to whom we owed the care of all our arrangements in Christchurch, Colonel Studholme, who turned out to be an old friend who had been with me as a young man at the Oxford House. Nothing could have exceeded the care he took of us, as also the Bishop (West Watson) who had comparatively lately come out from England, having been previously Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness. The Bishop and his family had not got into their new house which was being built and we stayed at the Studholmes'.

Christchurch, as I have said, was founded originally by the Church of England, and even now the Cathedral Close looks very like a Cathedral Close in England, but, of course, all kinds of denominations live there now, and it was a Baptist Mayor who turned out also to be a Baptist Minister, who welcomed me at the civic reception. I thought it was particularly good of him to have this civic reception at twelve, as he was receiving a much greater person—the Duke of York—at five, but he stuck to it that he was going to give me a proper

reception too, and so he did, and the way I found out he was a minister was from the extremely fluent and eloquent speech he made—much too flattering, I may say—and his production of one of my religious books out of his pocket, which he said he often read.

Here I may say that it shows the large-heartedness of the New Zealand people that they did not allow the wonderful welcome they naturally gave to their Royal visitors, to interfere with the welcome they were kind enough to give to me.

On the next day, being Sunday, the Bishop of Christchurch preached before the Duke in the cathedral in the morning, while I preached to the boys at Christ's College. After the two services were over, the Duke kindly came up to the College (the Duchess unfortunately was unwell and stayed on the North Island) and I walked round the buildings with him and we discussed our fishing experiences, he having fished in the same river a week before. He asked for an extra week for the boys,¹ and I for a humble half-holiday, and I believe the boys got both.

In the afternoon, I found to my surprise, 3,500 people in the Great Hall with the Mayor present, and my speech on that occasion was broadcasted through New Zealand. I confess that I had thought that the people would have been much too occupied looking at the Duke and lamenting the absence of the Duchess to have come at all, but they also turned up in great crowds in the

¹ When the Duke asked for a holiday for the boys, one of the Council asked me, "Does he really mean a *week*?" "Oh yes!" I said. "It is the usual thing."

cathedral in the evening, so that I was very glad I had *not* put off my visit to New Zealand as I had nearly done, for fear of being *de trop* during the Royal visit.

Next morning I discussed the vexed question of Immigration with the "Settler's League" at the Chamber of Commerce and had a mild opposition from a Labour member who asked whether *we* had filled up all *our* vacant places at home—what about the gentlemen's Parks, etc.

However, the argument that there were enough people already in New Zealand was rather discounted by a man who told me that in 1881 (!) his mother had been hooted on arrival at Christchurch with her family and was told that they had quite enough in New Zealand already.

The fact of the matter is that quite naturally those who have found a snug job in any part of the world are afraid of men coming and thrusting them out of that snug job and that altogether we want a more statesmanlike view of the whole question. New Zealand is nothing like the size of Australia, but large portions are still undeveloped. The Prime Minister, with whom I had a long conversation, thinks for the present they cannot absorb more than 10,000 a year, in consequence of the temporary slump in butter and the high price of land, but, at any rate, let us co-operate with them in sending out a right good 10,000, and I believe in time it will be possible to increase the numbers who can go. But for the distance (12,000 miles) from Great Britain, our people could scarcely find a better "home from home" than New Zealand.

In the afternoon I visited Canterbury and gave

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an address to the students, and then opened the Bishop's new lawn-tennis court by playing with him against the two Archdeacons. Fortunately, for the credit of the Episcopate, the Bishops won.

In the evening after saying good-bye and having a last dinner with our hospitable hosts, we were all seen off on the S.S. *Maori* back to Wellington, having paid a short but very delightful visit to the South Island.

I was very sorry indeed not to get down to Dunedin, but time would not allow. The Bishop of Dunedin, however, came up to spend Sunday with us, and I am sure he will not mind my printing his most delightful letter. He had been through a very sad domestic loss, one of the two daughters who had lunched at Fulham Palace with him a few years ago, having lately died, and he wrote on my return to England, the following letter, which shows the kind of man he is.

“ LIS ESCOP,

“ DUNEDIN.

“ July 1, 1927.

“ MY DEAR BISHOP,—

“ So the ‘ migrant ’ has returned in safety to his diocese, for which *gratias Deo*.

“ I see that some of your friends have spoken of your world-wide mission as a pleasure trip. Have they no sense of humour? The work in this somewhat large and scattered diocese is rather exhausting sometimes. But a ‘ pleasure trip ’ such as yours would finish me off completely.

“ Shortly after my trip to Christchurch we had a number of guests here at Lis Escop to meet my

son and his wife who were visiting us from England. One of these guests was an enthusiastic churchwoman who had been present at the various functions in Christchurch during your visit. Mrs. Richards overheard her description of the service in the Christchurch Cathedral in the course of which description she said, 'Oh, it was simply lovely to see those three stately old dears walking down the chancel together and then bowing to each other before the Bishop of London ascended the pulpit.' Now as far as I was concerned it must have been a reflected glory, for I have never been accused before of being a 'stately old dear.'

"But of course it is not for this that I am writing. I want to say what a real blessing to the Church of New Zealand your visit has been, and what a comfort and strength the special message to me in your sermon, and then I passed it on to others in the 'Three Hours' Devotion on Good Friday in our Cathedral. And my dear Bishop, it is just the message that we need. First the Cross, and then the beauty and the glory of the Resurrection. Without it I think that both Mrs. Richards and I would be wellnigh broken-hearted. But with it, 'Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' May God bless you abundantly and spare you long to fulfil the wonderful ministry of comfort which He has entrusted to you.

"Yours very sincerely,
"ISAAC DUNEDIN.

"To the Right Revd.

"The Bishop of London."

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

In fact, looking back over the visit to New Zealand, I felt thankful that our Church was manned by such excellent Bishops as those we saw at Wellington, Auckland, Christchurch and Dunedin. I only mention those whom we saw in the time at our disposal.

I was really quite ashamed of turning up at Wellington again, as we seemed always trespassing on the Bishop's hospitality, but that hospitality never failed. However, we did not stay long this time. After a final visit to the Governor-General (Sir Charles Fergusson) and Lady Alice, who unfortunately had been unwell as well as the Duchess of York, we embarked on the *Maunganui* to go back to Sydney.

New Zealand gave us a parting caress as we came round the point during the night, when an enormous wave for some reason or other broke into all our cabins and drenched them, but I was too sleepy to get up and I suppose things more or less dried themselves during the night.

By Saturday, March 19, we were back in Sydney Harbour, being medically inspected (for the thousandth time).

CHAPTER XXVIII

BACK IN AUSTRALIA

WE got to Admiralty House a short time before their Excellencies arrived from Melbourne to entertain us, but the A.D.C.'s took great care of us and shortly the Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven arrived themselves.

Admiralty House is most picturesquely situated with a beautiful view of the famous harbour and is sufficiently cut off by water to be—I should think—a bit of a rest to the Governor-General when he comes over from the Government House in Melbourne.

The Governor of New South Wales (Admiral De Chair) had most kindly offered to put us up, but I had previously accepted the invitation of the Governor-General whom I had known in England.

I need not say that from start to finish of our visit we enjoyed ourselves, whether it was playing tennis in the garden or going off in the Government launch to our various engagements. I started off by laying the foundation-stone of the Rectory of St. Matthew's, Paddington, Sydney, whose Rector had been a curate in Bethnal Green. Next day (being the only Sunday we had had in Sydney) was, as might be expected, exceptionally full.

I began with a Celebration at the well-known

church, St. James's, Sydney, and said a few words at breakfast to a large number who stayed after the service, leaving my chaplain to preach at eleven, while I went on myself to St. Mark's, Darling Point, of which Canon Howard Lea is Rector, and preached at a service at which the Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven were present. I cannot say enough of the trouble Canon Howard Lea had taken in making our arrangements for our time in Australia.

After luncheon we had a delightful drive round Sydney with Sir Robert Anderson, who had commanded the Australian troops in London during the War, who took us to viewpoints from which to see the harbour, and then in the evening I preached in the cathedral, visiting on the way back the congregation of All Saints' and giving them my blessing. It was altogether a full and happy day.

I was especially glad to get in a visit after tea to one of our Englishwomen three miles off Admiralty House, who had married an Australian soldier, and who unfortunately had become paralysed and could not look after her two children as she would have liked. She begged for a visit from "some one from home" and I was able just to manage it, and I am thankful to say it seemed to cheer her up very much, and I sent for her mother when I got home and told her about her grandchildren, whom she had not seen. It was all I could do for the poor thing.

On Monday, March 21, I called on the Governor (Admiral De Chair) in the morning, addressed 200 clergy of the diocese in the cathedral, met the New Settler's League, had a final dinner with our kind

hosts, and left in comfortable sleepers for the Riverina district on our way to Melbourne.

THE RIVERINA DISTRICT

Now followed a very interesting part of our tour in Australia, as we left the railway at a place called Griffith, where we had lunch with the Bishop, our old friend Halse (who had done such good work in North Queensland, and had now moved down to be Bishop of Riverina), the Archdeacon and many of the clergy of the diocese.

After dedicating a Church Hall for the parish I spoke in the Town Hall to 1,000 people, a wonderful gathering for so small a place, but they came in for miles round, and we then inspected the "Irrigated areas" and saw the difference that a system of irrigation will make to the whole of Australia.

What apparently is an arid desert becomes a fertile fruit garden. Irrigation is undoubtedly the great hope of Australia where, as I have already said, the constant drought is the worst enemy, and next day we saw the great Hume Weir being constructed on the Murray River, which when completed in five to eight years' time will irrigate a district capable of holding and, we hope, supporting another million of people. But on this day (Tuesday, March 22) we did not go farther than the station of one of the wool kings of Australia, Mr. Falkner, who most kindly put up the whole party at Widgiewa, Urana.

I celebrated in the dining-room next day (they were a long way off a church) and then went out to chase 200 kangaroos and 50 emus which are

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

being preserved from extinction on Mr. Falkner's immense estate. Chase is indeed the right word, for we had to follow them in Ford cars over miles and miles of roadless prairie. I should be very sorry to say how many thousand sheep Mr. Falkner owns, and I am not sure that he knows himself.

Next day we motored another 90 miles through rather flat country to Albany, having done in the two days 230 miles over Bush roads. At Albany we had another meeting of about 1,000 people, which I addressed.

MELBOURNE

Then next day, accompanied by no less than three Bishops, the Bishops of Riverina, Goulburn, and the late Bishop of Wangaratta, we arrived at Melbourne at midday and were received by the Archbishop of Melbourne and the Bishop of Gippsland and a great crowd of clergy and others.

The Archbishop, who had just suffered the grievous loss of his wife, put his domestic grief on one side and had arranged to make the best use he could of our time in Melbourne.

Straight from the station we went to the Government Buildings where our friend of Toowoomba, Sir Littleton Groom and Lady Groom gave a luncheon-party to the members of my party and leading Australian statesmen. It was interesting to meet the two great opponents, Mr. Bruce and Mr. Sam Hughes, at the same table, and interesting also to know that the luncheon was taking place on the last day the Federal Government met at Melbourne before moving to Canberra.



LUNCHEON PARTY AT MELBOURNE.

Back row :—Rev. H. Thomas, Mr. Sutlin, Mr. Ormond Blyth, Mr. Page.

Middle row :—Bishop of Gippsland, Mr. Bruce (Prime Minister), Bishop of Goulburn, Archbishop of Melbourne.

Front row :—Mr. S. Hughes, Mrs. Bruce, Bishop of London, Sir Littleton Groom (Chairman of the House of Deputies), Lady Groom.

BACK IN AUSTRALIA

In the afternoon I addressed at the Synod House 250 clergy of Melbourne on the subject of the "New Prayer Book." There was only one discordant note. When I said that there was no change of doctrine, "Yes there is" came from a solitary voice, but the great majority both of the clergy of Melbourne and Sydney seemed to see no harm in the New Prayer Book, and therefore I was surprised to find so much opposition to it on my arrival back in England.

Perhaps they are able to see things in a truer proportion at a distance.

Next day we had a civic reception in the Town Hall at three and a great meeting in the Exhibition Buildings at eight of 3,000 people, then, thank Heaven! two rounds of golf at the Sandringham Golf Links. I called in to see Lady Stonehaven's children at Government House and give them news of their father and mother, and then had a really delightful dinner with Lord and Lady Somers at Government House, where some of the most important people in Melbourne were asked to meet us, among others, Mr. Linton the founder of the Big Brother Movement.

Sunday, March 27, I need not say, was not an idle day. After a Celebration in the Bishop's Chapel at eight, I believe I must have been allowed a quiet morning, for I had a two-hours' talk with Mr. Gepp, the new Chairman of the Emigration Council from which we expect so much; he was not well, but came especially to the Archbishop's house to see me.

In the afternoon I preached to 2,000 men at three, and again to the crowded cathedral in the

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evening, and looked in at St. Peter's on the way home to give the Blessing.

But the ladies will never forgive me if I leave out the wonderful gathering of 2,000 women in the cathedral on the Feast of the Annunciation, got up by the Mothers' Union.

Thus ended our visit to Melbourne and to the kind, brave Archbishop, who had let his public duty so manifestly prevail over his private grief. His example of fortitude and courage have added to the esteem and respect in which he was already held in Melbourne.

BALLARAT, ADELAIDE AND PERTH

I had a special reason for wishing to call at Ballarat on my way to Adelaide as one of those whom my readers will begin to think innumerable nephews was there in the very distinguished position of Head of the Theological College. We had, as usual, the civic reception at twelve, lunched with the Mayor, and the clergy ; and I then addressed the clergy and spoke in the Theatre, but my nephew knew his uncle too well not to have a game of tennis for him late in the afternoon in the grounds of Bishops court which adjoins the Theological College, and of course I had supper with the students afterwards and had a talk with them all. It is nice to think that my nephew and my old friend Crick (now going to Ballarat) will be such near neighbours.

I was only able to stay the inside of the day at Ballarat, as I was due at Adelaide at 10 a.m. next morning, but, as usual, we travelled all night in the train, and were met in the absence of the

Bishop, who was in England, by the Dean and the three Archdeacons and the Secretary of the Governor.

Sir Tom Bridges, the Governor of South Australia, and Lady Bridges were kind enough to put me up for our visit, and after the civic reception we had tennis after lunch on what my chaplain rightly calls "a topping grass court" at Government House.

Next day I had another of those visits to boys' schools which I enjoy so much, this time to St. Peter's, Adelaide, where one of the many Bickersteths (all good) is doing wonderful work as Head Master. There I addressed first the senior school in Chapel and then the junior school—700 boys and 35 masters altogether, and, so as not to leave out the girls, motored down to Glenelg on the coast and addressed the Woodlands Girls' School and had a guard of honour of Girl Guides under Miss Bridges as captain.

The Premier and Mrs. Hill came to lunch, as also on another day the Roman Catholic Archbishop. After some tennis on the "topping court" we had St. Peter's Cathedral packed to overflowing, and the service was attended by the Governor and Lady Bridges.

Next day we had a jolly breakfast with seventy of the clergy of the diocese, and I have no doubt I had "to say a few words." I then visited the Sisters' School, attended a Migration Committee, from which I concluded not much was doing to push migration in that part of Australia.¹ And

¹ Since I have been back I have seen that South Australia has made a real effort to get more immigrants.

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

then we drove to Mount Lofty, 2,000 feet high, from which a fine view was seen of Adelaide and the surrounding country.

Our visit to Adelaide finished with one of the finest Missionary meetings of 2,000 people I have ever attended. I spoke upon what we had seen on our tour of the need and also the wonderful success of missionary work throughout the world.

We then said good-bye to Adelaide, but shall treasure the memory of our visit to that delightful city and of the warm welcome we received.

I told the Bishop all about it, when I met him this summer at his old School, Oundle, which I visited after my return.

KALGOORLIE

The journey to Perth is frankly a weary one of 1,686 miles, 330 of which is the longest straight run in the world. The railway was made during the War for strategic purposes, but nothing can make it interesting except perhaps the sight of the Aborigines at the stations who show you how to use a boomerang.

The only break in the journey, and that a pleasant one, was at Kalgoorlie, where Bishop Elsey (another of the Bush Brothers who have become Bishops) met us and took us to his house.

Unfortunately, for a wonder I was feeling unwell that day, owing, I think, to the intense heat, but I pulled myself together sufficiently after lunch to address a great meeting in the Town Hall at three o'clock (it was Sunday, hence three was a possible

hour) and got into a private car at 4.30 p.m. for Perth.

I was glad of that private car, as I was feeling very seedy, especially after the effort at the meeting, but I recovered all right before I got to Perth at 9.30 a.m. next morning.

I may say that the Kalgoorlie diocese is four times the size of Great Britain and is in this difficulty. When the gold-mines were flourishing it was well off, but now that they are practically given up it is hard up, so any appeal Bishop Elsey may make should not be put into the waste-paper basket.

PERTH

It really was rather an insult to Perth only to give a day to such an important diocese, especially when Archbishop Riley had worked there for so long, but he quite understood that it was from no disrespect to him and his diocese. It simply meant that our time had run out and that we were dependent on steamers, and that if we were to spend Good Friday and Easter in Ceylon, as we had promised, we must catch the *Cathay* which left on the evening of April 4.

However, we made the best of the day, drove to the Church of England Grammar School, and saw what is supposed to be the finest School Chapel in Australia, given by an old Etonian, then on to the Perth College for girls, kept by the Sisters of the Church, drove to Government House, where the Governor (Sir William Campion) gave us a cordial welcome, had a civic reception, a public meeting, lunched at Government House, addressed

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

the clergy, and had tea with the Archbishop, and then after a lovely drive through King's Park to see the views of Perth, motored down to Fremantle to catch the good ship *Cathay*.

Thus ended our visit to Australia—God bless them all !

PART VII

CEYLON : PERSONALITIES : HOME
AGAIN

CHAPTER XXIX

ON TO CEYLON

WHEN we left Australia we had not left behind Australians, for we had 1,000 on board the *Cathay* "going home," some of them for the first time, and with many of them we had the most delightful talks.

Of course, on Palm Sunday we had the usual service and nearly the whole ship's company came to the service.

We played some deck tennis during the voyage and with a very good partner I managed to win the first prize for the men's doubles. When it came, however, to the prize-giving, I could not give myself the prize, so I made the Captain come and give it to me. As usual in all ships, I was treated with the utmost courtesy and not only sat at the Captain's table but was allowed to read on his deck.

The Bishop (Dr. Mark Garnier) and the Arch-deacon (Vernon Smith), my late Private Chaplain, came on board in white cassocks to receive us. I think it will be rather a relief to me and my readers if I allow the latter to describe our visit to Ceylon in his own words, always remembering that he looks at what I do and say through the eyes of his affection for me.

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

THE BISHOP OF LONDON IN CEYLON

Those of us who have recently come to work Overseas are continually realizing how difficult it was before we came out to visualize either the life or the needs or the nature of the work in the distant corners of the world.

For that reason probably few people at home will ever grasp the greatness of the work which the Bishop of London has done for the Church and the Empire during the last nine months. The very fact that he has come and helped us and passed on his way while still holding his great office has been of immense value and assistance in many places. There are those in these distant lands who are confused by the divisions of the Christian Church, and among the many Denominations working Overseas it is not easy for our own people fully to understand for what it is that the Anglican Communion stands. But many have realized better than before the ancient and historic position of our Communion through the presence in their midst of the 108th Bishop of London. Even though times at home have been and are critical and anxious it is well that any who may have grudged the time spent by the Bishop away from his diocese should understand to the full how deeply the fact has been appreciated that he has been spared to encourage so many of us throughout the world. It is almost unnecessary to add that (leaving aside his official presence as Bishop of London), the personality of the Bishop himself and his message helped and inspired all whom he met.

ON TO CEYLON

Ceylon was the last stage of his great missionary journey. The Bishop himself called it his *bonne bouche*. This was partly because he knew how fair a spot is the island, and partly because he looked forward to meeting two of his old London clergy—Mark Carpenter-Garnier, the Bishop, and Vernon Smith, his former Resident Chaplain, the Archdeacon. The island of Ceylon has its own rather unusual religious history. It first came into touch with the Western world through the arrival of the Portuguese, with whom came the missionaries of the Roman Communion. In later years the coming of the Dutch brought the Dutch Reformed Church to the island. Then over a century ago Ceylon came within the British Empire and from that time dates the work of the Anglican Communion. To-day we are in the third year of the Episcopate of the present Bishop, whose work at All Saints', Margaret Street, and Pusey House is so well known.

The Bishop arrived from Australia on the Wednesday in Holy Week. On Maundy Thursday he preached at midday in St. Peter's Church—the oldest church in the island, situated in the heart of the business part of the Fort of Colombo. This church, the Vicar of which is the Archdeacon of Colombo, formed part of the residence of the old Dutch Governors. It was, as might have been expected, thronged to overflowing long before the time fixed for the service. Some there no doubt remembered the crowds which gathered in St. Peter's during the Mission of Help four years ago.

In the afternoon he motored to Kandy, stopping on the way to visit Kegalle, an outstation where he

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was received by the Priest and people to whom he spoke a few words and gave his Blessing. At Kandy he conducted the 'Three Hours' Devotions on Good Friday and on the following day he went up to Nuware Eliya, where he celebrated and preached twice on Easter Day. On the Monday he returned to Colombo and was entertained in the evening by Sir James Peiris, an Anglican, the Vice-President of the Legislative Council of Ceylon. In the evening he visited Moratuwa, a town some twelve miles from Colombo, where are the largest Cingalese congregations of our Communion. For many miles the road was decorated and no fewer than seven "pandals" (arches) had been erected across the roadway.

On another day at Christ Church Galle he addressed a crowded congregation of the Tamil Christians.

In many respects no doubt the visit to Ceylon resembled the visits of the Bishop of London to other dioceses.

There were the usual warm welcome (doubly warm in Colombo at the hottest season of the year), the repeated calls upon his time and energy, the crowded services, and the uplift given to so many by his words and sympathy. And yet the Ceylon visit must have been different in some ways. He arrived in Holy Week and the first four days of his visit were not days for social gatherings or receptions. He wished, as he said, to stand among us and look at the Cross and to speak quite simply as an interpreter.

It was hard indeed to arrange how best the week should be spent so that the Bishop should not be

overtired and the best use made of the time. Colombo is always hot, and it can be *very* hot in April. The distances in Ceylon, as the crow flies, are not great, but motoring on the steep winding narrow roads up-country takes more time than the stranger would expect. The Bishop went to the three great centres—Colombo, Kandy (the up-country capital) and Nuware Eliya, the famous hill station where in the hot season are to be found as many Europeans as can escape to the cool climate of 6,000 feet above sea-level.

On Tuesday he spoke to the clergy of the diocese in the Bishop's house and afterwards received an address of welcome from the Diocese in the Bishop's garden. It was a lovely evening with all those wonderful colours in the trees and in the sky that are so beautiful in the Tropics and so hard to describe to those who have not seen them. There, in the Bishop's garden bordering upon the lake where the heads of the tortoises can be seen (swimming—not listening to the addresses!) were gathered together some 1,500 members of our Church. Side by side were to be seen the Cingalese and the Tamil, the Burgher and the Englishman. However great may be the difficulties of race throughout the world, here in Ceylon there are many Churches where the representatives of four nations kneel side by side at the altar, their presence in fellowship together being a daily witness to the true bond which is to unite the races and nations of the world. The Bishop spoke upon the Gospel as being the one message for the world and of our own Communion's fitness to proclaim the Gospel.

Probably one of the most delightful incidents in

his visit was the presentation to him of a cheque for over £70—an offering to the London Diocese from the parishes of Ceylon in gratitude for the Bishop's visit. This sum made up by small contributions from nearly every parish in the diocese indicates the warmth of the Cingalese welcome and the generosity of the Church.

Wednesday saw the end of the visit and by midnight he had left Colombo harbour in the *Oronsay*.

He will never forget some of the last pictures which he will carry with him of work that is being attempted here.

On the early morning of Easter Tuesday he celebrated at St. Michael's Church, Colombo. Many think this church to be the most beautiful church of any east of Suez. But whether or not that be the case—and it is an ambitious claim to make—there can certainly be few modern churches more beautiful in their structure, in any part of the Empire. As is well known at this church there is a strong and vigorous life, and it is round its walls that the Community of East Grinstead Sisters carry on their work. It is here that all the beauty and dignity of Catholic worship can be found. In the quiet of an early Easter morning St. Michael's is a place of peace, and there are seldom less than thirty or forty worshippers at the Daily Celebration. In the late evening of the Wednesday there was a different scene. It is a far cry from Bethnal Green to Colombo, but there are street boys in both places. An attempt has been made with striking success to help the street boys of the poor parts of the Colombo Pettah, and the



THE BISHOP PREACHING IN CEYLON.

Diocesan Gathering in Colombo.

Bishop was asked to open another Club for working boys which has been started and will be managed by the members of the Colombo Branch of "Toc H." These clubs are run upon the same lines as the Oxford House and the Oxford and Bermondsey Mission Clubs, and are in a very real way their descendants. It was a moving sight to see that bungalow which has been turned into a club filled with the little brown boys with their shining faces. The group of men who hold up the Lamp of Toc H are determined to try to do something in Christian service to extend to others the benefits which they so richly enjoy.

So came to an end a happy and eventful week and one in which lasting help has undoubtedly been given to all the members of our Communion in the Diocese of Colombo.

I will only add to this description of my visit by a sympathetic hand that I have memories of a lovely island, of intense heat at Colombo, of most welcome coolness at Nuware Eliya and of a delightful welcome from everybody, British, Cingalese, Tamil and Burghers. I shall never forget the triumphal arches put up for me by the Cingalese, or the beautiful presents (now at Fulham) with which I was loaded, nor shall I forget the ringing cheers with which I was seen off from the quay by a party of leading merchants who had entertained me on the last night at dinner. Ceylon was a last *bonne bouche* indeed.

The Bishop of Colombo subsequently wrote the following kind letter :—

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

WYKEHAM, BANDARAMELA,
May 4th, 1927.

MY DEAR BISHOP,—

A fortnight has passed since you left us, which enables me to look back upon your visit at a little distance. I can only say that I feel more and more thankful for it. It was a wonderful experience for us all, and you have sent us on our way rejoicing. May God bless you and cheer you and uphold you for all the good you have done !

I do hope you did not feel worn out when you got on to the ship, and that you were able to get some rest on board.

We shall be thinking of you arriving in London next Saturday.

I am sending you our Diocesan Magazine for May, which you may like to see, and next week I shall probably be sending some photos.

With my love and constant gratitude,

Ever yours affectionately,

(Signed) MARK COLOMBO.

CHAPTER XXX

INTERVIEWS WITH INTERESTING PERSONALITIES

IT has been suggested that a great deal more might be said in this book of the many interesting men and women I met and conversed with in my tour round the world. There is only one difficulty in describing these many interviews, and that is that every gentleman, and certainly every Bishop, has to be very careful not to reveal any confidences made to him.

However, with this caution in my mind, and leaving out carefully all Governor-Generals who represent Royalty, and who, therefore, must never have their remarks repeated, I should like to describe my interviews with the President of the United States, Mr. Ford of Detroit, the Crown Prince of Japan, and Mr. Lang, the Premier of New South Wales—probably the most diverse personalities you could find in the world.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

I was expecting to find him an extremely silent man, and I dare say he can be on occasion, but I found him myself a courteous and chatty individual. I told him that I had just had a good game of lawn tennis. He asked me if it was true that I

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still played, and when I said I did, he said : “ *Then there’s a chance for me.* ” That led me to ask what *his* recreation was. “ Oh ! I only walk,” he said, “ it is all I have time for.”

“ Don’t you, President,” I asked, “ get very tired of shaking hands *every* morning with all those people ? ” (I had passed a big queue waiting, as I came in with my friends.)

“ No,” he said, “ I like it, it interests me.”

And that led us to talking about the secret of influence, and if I remember rightly he agreed with me that the only hope of the world was the growing power of Christianity. I naturally did not introduce any controversial questions, as, for instance, “ the League of Nations ” or “ the Debt.” I had already discussed these at the great dinners given me by the pilgrims and the English-Speaking Union. Of course, I did not get to know him as I did President Roosevelt, who entertained me at the White House, and with whom I had a two-hours’ discussion over alien immigration, and all the burning subjects of the day ; but he struck me as a strong and able man, whose taciturnity had been much exaggerated.

It is very interesting to note the great contrasts of the men whom the United States elect as President.

Roosevelt was open-hearted, even effusive in his welcome. Six times he leant across the table at dinner, in the presence of twenty guests, and said : “ Bishop, I am *delighted* to see you.” I gave him a very valuable document from Fulham, containing the appointment of the first Governor of Rhode Island, sealed by Cromwell and signed by Brad-

shaw, and altogether we made great friends. When he came over to London for three days and was asked everywhere, he said : " No ! I am going down to have breakfast by myself with my old friend, the Bishop of London," and he and Lord Lee came together. I was very glad to go this time and see the Roosevelt House in New York, purchased and fitted up in his memory.

Then after him came the genial President Taft, by whose side I sat at dinner, when he came to London, at the head of the Legal Profession. And then, as a contrast to both, came President Wilson.

I was one of the few privileged at the great banquet at Buckingham Palace to be led up to speak to him. " Well," I said, " President, we shall be all praying for you in London as you go over to Paris for this responsible work." He was just on his way from America to Paris after the Armistice. He put his hand on my shoulder and said : "*Bishop, if I did not believe in Providence, I should go mad.*"

He may have made great mistakes, and I think he did, in not bringing over Senators of the other side with him, and no doubt Mr. Page's wonderful letters reveal another side of his character, but I believe that he was a *good* man, and tried to do his best, whatever his enemies may say, and his delightful wife, whom I saw at Washington during my last visit, is rightly devoted to his memory. We can never forget that he was the " idealist " at the end of the War, and that but for him the League of Nations might never have been in the Treaty ; and it is nothing short of a tragedy that the nation to which we owe the creation and position of the

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

League of Nations to-day should be one of the few nations which has not joined it. I feel sure that President Wilson had a streak of those Puritan ancestors from which he sprang.

But to come back to President Coolidge, you cannot imagine a greater contrast to the other three whom I have known. "I do not choose to stand again," is the last thing we have heard that he said, and I think it extremely likely that it is the last thing he *will* say on the subject, but the other side of his character is shown in the delightful picture in all the illustrated papers of his standing before the 10,000 Sioux Indians, and his affectionate address to them as "his children." Probably in a great democracy as in a dairy, *the cream rises to the top*.

MR. HENRY FORD

Then, while still thinking of the American Continent, I must say something of that remarkable personality—Mr. Henry Ford. Probably most of my readers have read something of his rise from being a poor man to being a multi-millionaire, which is one of the miracles of the age.

I must explain that my first introduction to him was by one of his firm coming up in the middle of the Great Strike from Manchester, to ask if Mr. Ford could buy one of the City Churches, and set it up stone by stone in Detroit.

I said, "Good Heavens, my friend, say nothing about such an offer! It will wreck my last chance of getting the City Churches Bill through, if they think I am going to sell them to America. I should never think of doing such a thing!"

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The nice young man went back to Manchester, and as I saw him to the station I said, "Are *your* men striking in Manchester?"

"Striking!" he said, "I should think not! Why, the man who sweeps the floor gets £1 a day. I am sure," he said, "Mr. Ford will like to see you, when you go over," and he said he would arrange an interview. Sure enough, when I got to Detroit, there was Mr. Ford at one of his great factories to meet me; a shortish man, with his thin, eager face, and with the light of genius, and, I thought also, a touch of fanaticism in his face. We went round the great show, and I saw the "parts" of a machine lying on the ground, and then the same parts "assembled" in a machine, and taking life, as the machine trotted off under its own power to the tune of about one a minute. It was the most amazing thing I have ever seen.

Ford was full of conversation as he showed us round. He never stopped talking for an instant. You could see what an eye he had for details. We all watched for fifteen minutes while a young workman showed us how to weld together two pieces of steel by electricity (I think, Ford's own invention). This, he said, would save thousands of pounds.

But when he got off his subject the fanatic came out. "Your rich people keep the poor poor to be *cannon fodder* for the next war; they do it on purpose." We told him as politely as we could that he was "talking through his hat," but we made no impression. "The Jewish financiers of Europe," he repeated, "are the real enemy, they are preparing for the next war already." I gather that he has

said a great deal about this in his paper, but he has had lately to make some sort of an "apologia." But at the time he was quite certain about it, and did not mince his words. When I spoke about the prosperity of his working people (there were hundreds of cars round the factory in which they had ridden to their work), he said, "This is only the Sermon on the Mount *in action*, 'Take care of others, and you will prosper yourself.'"

I know many will think he was a humbug in saying this, but I feel sure that he believed it himself! He also was quite sincere when he went on to speak of the Power of Prayer, and that if *every one* in the world were in contact with God every day, the world would be a changed place. I strongly agreed with him, as every Christian would. Ford, then, presents a wonderful combination—he is a shrewd business man, a bit of a fanatic (I could not help thinking of the famous Peace Ship) and yet a devout believer in God.

It is not true to say that all Ford's workmen have the *same* bit of work to do always. He changes their work from time to time on principle, and although no doubt he is quite ruthless to the slackers, and you must "get on" or "get out" at Ford's, he is a wonderful example of an employer, who has become rich *not* by cutting down his men's wages, but by paying them what we should think enormous wages and getting efficient work in return.

THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN

To turn from Henry Ford to the Emperor of Japan (who was the Crown Prince when I saw him) is to turn from the incarnation of the new world to

INTERVIEWS

the incarnation of the old, for the Japanese dynasty is probably the oldest in the world.

Here, instead of the restless energy of America, was the rather small, tired figure of a man, anxious at the moment about his father's health, evidently not in very strong health himself, and yet desirous of showing courtesy and kindness to the stranger who had come to his dominions from a nation which they all look on in Japan as a very friendly one. The interview was very short and rather formal, as we neither of us knew each other's language very well, I knowing *nothing* of Japanese, he being not very great in English; but there was something very striking in the setting of the interview—the great Palace, the Crown Prince dressed with the greatest care in Court Dress, as if to receive me with appropriate honour, and the few but sincere words of welcome. I came away impressed with the fine dignity of the Japanese nation, and by its courtesy, embodied in its Chief.

MR. LANG, PREMIER OF NEW SOUTH WALES

What a contrast again to the Emperor of Japan, was the strong, virile figure of the Premier of New South Wales, as he sat in his study, discoursing to me quite openly of his plans and his difficulties.

Here again, it was a remarkable thing that he wished to see me at all. "Bishops" are not in his line at all. He is one of the most advanced Labour men of the day. I attribute this invitation to the influence of his lieutenant, Mr. Willis, who "dropped the brick" at my civic reception, as I have described in another chapter. It was my

long residence in East London, and my work among the poor for nine years before I became Bishop, which won me the confidence of these men. It was rather touching to me that they should open out to me as they did. Of course, they said many things with which I did not agree at all—"We want no interference from another island, 10,000 miles away," thundered Mr. Lang, smiting the table with his fist.

"Well, Mr. Lang, what about the British Fleet? Is that of no use to you?" This question was evaded, as of course there was no answer to it. But for the British Fleet, the whole of Australia would be at the mercy of Japan, and it was very lucky that they were our allies and not our enemies in the last war.

But I did not press the question; I wanted to find out the idea lying at the back of the Labour Policy of Australia. It is a very simple one, and if it is possible to carry it out, a very good one.

Most of these men out there are from East London, and they have seen the poverty, the overcrowding and the sweating which goes on there, and *they are determined not to have a repetition of East London in Australia*. This is the explanation of the minimum wage of £4 5s., beneath which no one may work in New South Wales. They have fixed that as the minimum which can give a man a decent life. Mr. Lang told me that all the hottest of his supporters had come within the last seven years from East London. He said he was maligned in every paper, and that every possible misrepresentation of his position was written home, but

INTERVIEWS

he said, " You will find we shall be in again if there is another election."¹

Of course, I did not commit myself to agree with his policy in detail, which has brought him into acute disagreement with the Governor (Admiral De Chair), but it did no harm to listen sympathetically to the ideas and aims of such a man, and that he appreciated it was shown by his earnest invitation to me to visit him again after my journey to New Zealand, and his sending me a telegram of farewell as I left Fremantle when my visit to Australia was over.

¹ In this, I see, he has been disappointed. September 10, 1927.

CHAPTER XXXI

HOME AGAIN

ANYONE who has undertaken so long a tour will agree with me that one of the most delightful parts of it is to be *home again*. The green of England, the loving welcome home, the refreshing rain (yes, we dislike it before, but we love it when we come back from the Tropics, or from the arid deserts of parts of Australia), and the undefinable sense of being at home. . . .

I walked round Fulham garden with a new enjoyment, and when I motored out in the new presentation motor which I had hardly used before, lo ! Piccadilly was still there, though soon to be upheaved, and all the old familiar haunts were unaltered.

All the Suffragans and Archdeacons had kept well, and nothing had been left undone. There were no arrears and I stepped back upon the engine of the well-oiled and well-organized machine of the London diocese as if I had never been away.

At a general "Welcome Back" organized on May 30 in the Central Hall, every parish of the diocese sent seven representatives, and, best of all, the veteran Archbishop of Canterbury—my most true and loyal chief—came himself.

HOME AGAIN

I think I cannot do better than reproduce the account of the meeting given in the *Guardian* newspaper.



A.W. Lloyd

THE RETURN OF THE MIGRANT (*HIRUNDO LONDINIENSIS*)

Punch May 11th 1927.

Reproduced with the kind consent of the Editor of *Punch*.

THE BISHOP'S RETURN—A DIOCESAN WELCOME

To welcome the Bishop of London on his return from his world tour, the London Diocesan Missionary Council called a meeting in the Central Hall, Westminster, on Tuesday evening, 30th May, 1927. . . . A crowded audience gave him a rousing reception as, accompanied by the Archbishop of Canterbury, he walked across the platform.

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

The Bishop of Willesden, who presided, said the meeting was attended by representatives of all parishes in the diocese. They were gathered, he said, to extend to the bishop the heartiest welcome. His had been an apostolic journey, although the bishop did not have to meet with all the troubles and pain that the great apostle suffered in his missionary journeys. "He has cheered those who needed cheering in difficult and lonely places. He has left behind him a mark in the United States and Canada which will not soon be forgotten. While we have spared him from this diocese for nine months it has been a work for the true advancement of the Kingdom of God and for the helping forward of all that missionary work which we have ourselves at heart."

THE PRIMATE'S TRIBUTE

The Archbishop of Canterbury said that, in some sense, he felt an intruder in a diocesan gathering, but when he heard of the meeting he could not but plead for an invitation, "for I should not have liked to be absent when London—in the larger sense which includes Lambeth (laughter)—desires to welcome back from a world enterprise one of the most beloved of all Londoners: a man who, as brother to all in joy and sorrow, as a teacher gifted with tireless devotion and resource, as a Christian of buoyant and quiet persuasiveness, has been so dear to us all for years and years past. When we found this journey to have been planned, we wondered how, at a difficult time, we should put up with his absence. At an hour strenuous and laborious beyond measure to the bishops, there were some who said he ought not to go. Surely a healthier view finds expression when we say that our keenness about overseas work and the overseas life of the Church of God is so great, so dominant, that, even at the most strenuous of times, we should encourage one of our foremost messengers to go, possessing the amazing gifts that he does for such a purpose and for such a task."

The Archbishop proceeded to read extracts from letters he had received from almost every region that the bishop visited. The Bishop of Qu'Appelle wrote:—"The Bishop of London left us yesterday after spending a very busy day at Regina. . . . He left a splendid impression on the minds of the people and of thousands more listening-in, scattered over the prairie. He was looking rather tired when he left. His visit has been simply an inspiration. Such visits are of inestimable value to both Church and Empire, and strengthen in a wonderful way the ties that

HOME AGAIN

Lambeth Palace, S.E.1.

6 May
1927

Just a word of fraternal
welcome & love, dear brother.
Must have left late to the
station tomorrow when I leave
aback! to be in Chester

How much I shall love to
give out of us upon
manifold gatherings.

God be with you

Dear friend affectionately
& grateful
Randall Maunsell

WELCOME HOME

Letter from His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

HOLIDAY RECOLLECTIONS

bind together the British Commonwealth." Bishop Anderson, of Chicago, wrote :—" We all feel that the bishop's visit and his addresses to thousands of students, and his closer contact with smaller numbers, has been very stimulating to the whole religious life, and a real benediction to us all." From the Archbishop of New Zealand came the following :—" I am constrained to write and thank you for the wonderful inspiration of the Bishop of London's visit to the Church in the Province of New Zealand. He has done more to help the Church and inspire the Church in Auckland and in the Province generally than any previous happening or visit in my experience of thirty-three years in New Zealand." From Australia, the Bishop of Bathurst wrote :—" The visit has done untold good, both to individuals who have been given a new vision, and also corporately to the whole diocese." As a matter of prosaic fact, remarked the Archbishop in conclusion, " it is, I think, quite certain that no man in history ever gave the Christian message to so vast a number of different men and women in so many lands in so short a time. We honour and thank him, as we gladly welcome him home again to his work among us all."

A " RED-HOT " MISSIONARY DIOCESE

There was loud and continuous applause when the Bishop of London rose to speak. He began by thanking the Bishop of Willesden " for being an excellent Bishop of London " in his own absence. The only thing that had upset him on his tour, the bishop went on, was in Sydney, when, while " up to his neck " in work, he had read :—" The bishop had better be at his own work at home instead of making breezy speeches in Vancouver." There was a human and personal note in the bishop's next remark, in thanking the diocese for its loyalty in his absence. " I have no mother, wife or child," he said, " and your love is all that is left to me." Being Bishop of London was a hard job, but he enjoyed it more every day. Then he spoke of the British Empire. " If I went out a keen missionary," he declared, " and determined to make London diocese the greatest missionary diocese in the world, I have come back ten times keener and determined to make you a red-hot missionary diocese." He had seen lonely people untouched and unreachd by any kind of religious ministrations. He had seen the need of bush brotherhoods in Australia. He had heard from Miss Hasell in Canada that on one of her motor caravan journeys she had found a hundred unbaptized babies. " I would not lift a hand for

emigration," the bishop declared emphatically, " unless we were going to send out the Sacraments and the ministry of the Church with them."

" I get tired of those people," said the bishop, " who live at the Ritz and who say that missions are no good." In China he was struck by the extreme popularity of the missionaries. The Chinese respected the business men in Hong Kong and Shanghai—" but they don't love them. They love the missionaries. . . . I have seen the affection, the confidence of the Chinese in missionaries." To say that missionaries were unpopular and the cause of unrest was rubbish. But he had been impressed by the darkness of the superstition under which those people, and others, lived. There were entrenched moral evils, too. He was not one of those who saw no good in other religions, but they were not capable of uplifting the human race. " I have come back with this conviction—that it is Christ or chaos ; Christ or nothing. What we have to do here at home is to close our ranks, get rid of these domestic controversies, and get down to the work."

The Bishop of Stepney described the meeting as a great occasion, because of the missionary enthusiasm it was going to arouse in the diocese during the next few months. Six big meetings were to be held in October to present the five World Call reports, and during the winter it was hoped that each deanery missionary council would make its plans for bringing the reports before every churchman in every parish.

The Rev. Stacy Waddy, in a concise and lucid speech, brought out the main points of the fifth World Call report (Our Own People Overseas), and so a notable evening came to a close.

And so concluded a tour which though, I fear, it may not have done as much good as my kind friends told the Archbishop that it had, has sent me back, I hope, better equipped with knowledge and experience for my work at home, and has certainly left behind with me many happy recollections for the days to come.

APPENDIX
ITINERARY OF THE TOUR

APPENDIX

ITINERARY OF THE TOUR

1926	
29 July	Liverpool.
30 July	Sail for Canada.
8 August	Quebec.
9 August	Tadousac.
13 August	Return to Quebec.
14 August	via Montreal to Ottawa.
17 August	Toronto.
23 August	via Hamilton to Niagara.
28 August	London (Ont.).
29 August	Back to Toronto.
31 August	Winnipeg.
2 September	Jasper Park.
4 September	Vancouver.
9 September	Victoria, B.C.
13 September	via Vancouver to Nanaimo.
14 September	via Vancouver to Kamloops.
15 September	Vernon.
17 September	Penticton.
18 September	Nelson.
21 September	Nakusp and Revelstoke.
22 September	Banff.
23 September	Regina.
25 September	Winnipeg.
30 September	via Minneapolis and St. Paul to Nevada.
2 October	Iowa.
4 October	Chicago.
7 October	Madison.
8 October	Milwaukee and Evenston.
11 October	Ann Arbor.

APPENDIX

1926	
14 October	Detroit.
15 October	Boston.
19 October	Manchester, Hartford and Providence.
21 October	via Newhaven to New York.
25 October	Princetown.
26 October	Philadelphia.
28 October	via Baltimore to Washington.
30 October	Charlottesville.
1 November	Nashville.
2 November	Sewanee.
5 November	Chicago.
8 November	via Sacramento to San Francisco.
13 November	Sailed for Honolulu.
19 November	Honolulu.
29 November	via Yokohama to Tokyo.
2 December	Nikko.
4 December	Kobe.
7 December	Kyoto.
8 December	Osaka.
9 December	Nara : return Kobe.
10 December	Shimonoseki.
11 December	Fusan.
12 December	Seoul.
13 December	Fusan.
14 December	Mogi.
15 December	Kumamoto.
16 December	Shimonoseki : sailed for Shanghai.
18 December	Shanghai.
23 December	Hong Kong.
26 December	Canton.
27 December	Return Hong Kong.
31 December	Macao.

1927	
5 January	Singapore.
10 January	Tasmin.
11 January	Malacca.
12 January	Kuala Lumpur.
16 January	Return Singapore.

APPENDIX

1927		
18	January	Batavia.
19	January	Buitenzorg.
21	January	Djocja.
23	January	Sourabaya.
25	January	Macassa.
2	February	Townsville, Australia.
5	February	Mackay.
6	February	Rockhampton.
8	February	Bundaberg.
9	February	Brisbane.
14	February	Toowoomba.
16	February	Sydney.
19	February	Bathurst.
28	February	Wellington, New Zealand.
2	March	Palmerston North.
3	March	Auckland.
7	March	Rotorua.
9	March	Lake Taupo.
11	March	Wellington.
12	March	Christchurch.
15	March	Wellington.
19	March	Sydney, Australia.
21	March	Griffith.
22	March	Widgewa.
23	March	Aldbury.
24	March	Melbourne.
28	March	Ballarat.
29	March	Adelaide.
3	April	Kalgoorlie.
4	April	Perth.
14	April	Colombo, Ceylon.
15	April	Kandy.
16	April	Nuware Eliya.
29	April	Suez.
1	May	Port Said.
4	May	Naples.
6	May	Toulon.
7	May	London.

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